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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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IS THIS GOOD GOVERNMENT?

THAT Acting Chief of Police Dixon, by the grace of a police board, presided over by Mayor Alexander, and appointed to this responsible position, apparently with the consent of the good government councillors, should be holding this office, in view of his past performances, is little short of amazing. Wholly aside from his reprehensible conduct in the Harris affair, which stamps him as an undesirable and incompetent official, there looms in the background certain testimony adduced in the Broadhead trial which reflects most seriously on the acting chief. In view of this damning evidence, it is astonishing that Mr. Lissner should tacitly acquiesce in this appointment, even for a brief period. In a large measure he is responsible for the present administration, and he cannot ignore that fact. The people are inclined to hold him rather than the mayor accountable for appointments of this nature.

Is Mr. Lissner satisfied that Captain Dixon is a fit person to be entrusted with the executive control of the police? We dislike to think so, having always held the belief that he was actuated by a strong sense of civic duty in his political activities. Uncle George is a politician merely, and of a much coarser caliber than the efficient head of the Good Government forces. Consequently, his notions of right and wrong are not to be weighed so carefully nor yet considered so seriously. He will do what he is told, as a rule, and in this instance he would not dare to deviate from what is so clearly the proper course, unless acting under instruction.

It is a distinct disappointment to those of us who helped to eject the unworthy Mayor Harper from a position he so signally disgraced to find the police department, in which the chief scandal of the ousted administration occurred, handicapped and disgraced by the elevation of Captain Dixon, unfit and not to be trusted. We deplore the unwise action, the unwise counsel that gave promotion to an officer who is utterly unworthy. Every member of the force must be cognizant of

the facts so glaringly patent in the Broadhead trial, connecting Captain Dixon's name in a manner that in no way commends him to a self-respecting patrolman as one entitled to respect. Shame on the administration that has so betrayed the people by making such a deplorable condition possible!

That Mayor Alexander is cognizant of Captain Dixon's record we have every reason to believe. His secretary, we understand, is in possession of the data that condemn Dixon as untrustworthy, and worse. Why ignore the truth? Why is vice glorified by those from whom we have every right to expect a contrary attitude? What has our young militant reformer, Mr. Marshall Stimson, to say about it? Does he recall the spectacular raids of last spring, under Dixon, which resulted in less than one per cent of convictions, due to the captain's incompetency? Yet this is the man who is said to be slated for chief of detectives, when Dr. W. J. Chambers' divorce case is out of the way, with the alimony adjusted, and the present member of the health board is promoted to the head of the police department. Is this the administration's idea of good government?

WHY THE WORLD MOURNS

FIGURATIVELY speaking, the entire civilized world is in distress because of the great disaster that has overtaken the French capital, "Paris the Beautiful." Aside from the loss in sordid dollars and cents, estimated at two hundred millions of dollars, there is an appalling death roll to consider, and the imminent danger to priceless art treasures, whose loss would be irreparable. It is a catastrophe which can be better appreciated by those who have personal knowledge of the waterlogged French capital. To think of that storehouse of antiquities, the Louvre, hourly threatened with inundation, the water having risen to within a few inches of the parapet of the quay before the floods began to subside, other quays contiguous in a stage of collapse, yawning chasms in the principal streets, half the city in darkness, and ruin and destruction everywhere and a partial mental picture of the extent of the damage may be summoned.

Even with the receding of the water, the danger is by no means over. Choked underground rivers and sewers are reported as bursting their confines and playing havoc with the streets, swamping those cellars which had chanced to escape the earlier flood and threatening more foundations of buildings. Paris, in the days of the Commune, witnessed nothing like so disheartening a spectacle as that which greets the boulevardier at this time. Pickets are patrolling those sections of the city which are plunged in darkness by the bursting of the gas mains and the stoppage of the electric lighting plant, soldiers, sailors, firemen and police are engaged in constructing temporary walls, by the light of camp fires and torches, to keep back the invading floods, and pitiful instances are recorded of women and children in the submerged districts crying from their windows for sustenance. It is a disturbing story.

It is estimated that the surface inundated from the Seine covers about nine square miles, one-quarter of the city. In addition, there is a big overflow in back streets from bursted sewers and subterranean rivers, adding materially to the area flooded. In places, the water is twelve feet deep; every quay is submerged, famous localities, such as the streets fronting on the Tuilleries, the Louvre and the Museum, are immersed, the Avenue de l'Opera is inundated, the old Latin quarter is under five feet of water, and entire streets on the Ile de la Cite and Ile de St. Louis are evacuated and famous Notre Dame is in great peril.

War of a most devastating nature could not

have created more havoc than has been wrought by the remorseless waters which have left the famous city of beauty a bedraggled slattern, a thing of slime and muddy waters. The details of suffering are harrowing, and far greater in extent than the reports that have reached us. To add to the prevailing distress, a cold, pitiless rain has been descending for several days, intensifying the gloom and discomfort. The French authorities are striving manfully to alleviate the horrors of the situation, and help from all countries is pouring into the French capital. The United States is among the foremost to extend assistance, both through individuals and municipal communities. Not since San Francisco's cry of distress was heard, nearly four years ago, have the civilized nations been so aroused by the demands upon humanity. Could these floods, the most serious experienced in three hundred years, have been averted? It is yet too early to dwell upon this phase of the situation. Doubtless, ample provision will be made to guard against a repetition of this catastrophe insofar as man's ingenuity can provide a remedy.

TENTATIVES BECOME POSITIVES

NOW THAT Governor Gillett has officially eliminated himself from all consideration as a candidate for a second term, the tentative aspirants for the executive chair at once become of the active variety. At present, there are five in the field, with a possible sixth yet to hear from. In the north are Messrs. Charles F. Curry of Sacramento, secretary of state; John McNab of Ukiah, brother of the Democratic boss of San Francisco; Frank K. Mott, mayor of Oakland, and State Senator Charles M. Belshaw of Contra Costa. Philip A. Stanton of Los Angeles, speaker of the last assembly, thus far has been the only candidate from Southern California mentioned, but rumors reach The Graphic that another Richmond is about to project himself into the field in the person of Motley H. Flint of this city, whose resignation as postmaster is said to be a preliminary to his entering upon an active canvas of the state, a course made politically possible by the unofficial announcement that his brother, United States Senator Flint, will not be a candidate for a second term.

Of course, the field is open to all, but if Southern California is to land the persimmon it can be done only by making a concentrated effort and rallying to the support of the strongest candidate, all things considered. We do not say that Mr. Stanton is the strongest man that could be named, but he has many qualifications that make for success, and he ought to prove a good vote-getter. We do not disguise the fact that if Mr. Flint really is a candidate his will be a breezy campaign, with the Masonic fraternity active in his behalf. But he could not hope to carry the southern counties so long as Mr. Stanton is in the fight to a finish, hence the result would be a division of strength that might give the victory to one of the northern contestants.

As to the charges in circulation in certain quarters, that the friends of Stanton are not sincere and that his candidacy is merely to advance the interests of a northern aspirant, they are hardly worthy of notice. Mr. Stanton and his friends are very much in earnest; they recognize the ripe opportunity that now awaits the southern half of the state, and they urge all Republicans, irrespective of factions, to rally to the Southern California candidate and thereby make his nomination sure. That such a campaign will militate against our naming a successor to Senator Flint is altogether unlikely. Why should it? The south, as Governor Gillett has well said, has peculiar interests that demand the presence in Washington of one in close sympathy with this section, which can only come by virtue of long

and continued residence in this part of the state. The time has long since gone by when a political argument of the nature advanced could have any weight. Governor Gillett has voiced the sentiment of north as well as of south in this matter.

With Messrs. Curry, McNab, Belshaw and Mott striving for supremacy north of the Tehachapi, the situation is seen to be one that is ours for the grasping. It is understood that a supreme effort will be made to gain the indorsement of a quasi-Republican state convention, which, it is believed, will be called by the state central committee to name a ticket that will be offered for general acceptance at the primaries. Evidently, Governor Gillett favors this method of procedure, since he is found saying that he will be for the man indorsed by his party, meaning the Republican organization. "When that is done," the governor is quoted as saying, "I shall do everything I can for him (the gubernatorial candidate 'recommended') in the primary campaign. The man who shall be chosen by a convention or conference called by the organization will be my candidate."

Naturally. Yet, that is a dangerous utterance, since the candidate so named may be infinitely the inferior of another, running independent. We had an example of convention "recommendations" in the late municipal campaign, and the efficacy of such was shown in the fact that every mother's son was defeated at the final balloting. It may prove dangerous to receive the organization indorsement, if the Los Angeles precedent is any criterion. As against McNab, a confirmed party man, the temper of the people, if we mistake it not, is in revolt, and such a "recommendation" would surely be ignored by the masses at the primary election, particularly if the south united on a man like Stanton. Secretary Curry would make a much better showing, as also would Senator Belshaw, but a concentrated effort, such as we have indicated, could defeat either.

There is rumor that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is not disinclined toward either Messrs. Mott or Belshaw, but with Heney as first choice, and Chester H. Rowell a good second. Eliminating Heney, either of the other three would make an excellent impression before the people on a progressive platform, especially if a candidate of the McNab order were in opposition. The regular organization must put its best foot foremost this year if it would count on a look-in; no shelf-worn goods will pass muster at this stage of political prescience on the part of the people.

As for Governor Gillett, he has, in many respects, proved an excellent executive. A number of good bills have gone on the statute books, thanks to his approval, while not a few have been pigeon-holed, due to his official frown. In his appointments, he has not been so happy, particularly in the judicial line. Like President Taft, he believes in rewarding the party workers, even if the public welfare does get a jolt occasionally. To this extent, his administration has been at fault; in other respects, he has earned the regard of all fair-minded men, irrespective of party.

MORE IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE

LEST the evidence we presented last week to "The Candid Friend" of the San Francisco Call, was not sufficient in his mind to refute his charges that we of the southland defeated the Islais Creek proposition in a mean spirit of jealousy against San Francisco, let the following additional facts testify. We call our misguided critic's attention to the point that before the last legislature appeared bills introduced by Senator Welsh of San Francisco, in relation to Islais Creek and India Basin, authorizing and directing the board of harbor commissioners to institute condemnation proceedings. These bills were endorsed at the request of the civic bodies of San Francisco, and, as we understand it, the question had been submitted to a vote of the people of San Francisco who approved it by a large majority at the polls.

Nevertheless, it was sought to amend this bill by providing that only a portion of the land should be condemned for harbor purposes. The original bill called for the condemna-

tion of sixty-three blocks. The amendment sought to strike out nineteen blocks and leave only forty-four. This amendment was introduced by members of the San Francisco delegation in face of the express wishes of the people of that city. The civic bodies sent a lobby to Sacramento to protect their interests, and appealed to Speaker Stanton to assist them in their fight. On a roll call, the San Francisco delegation voted nine for the forty-four blocks, eight for the sixty-three, one member being absent.

Responding to the call of the people of San Francisco, Speaker Stanton interested himself, and, as a result, influenced ten votes from Southern California and several more votes from other parts of the state in favor of the sixty-three blocks, which plan was adopted by a vote of 45 for to 30 against. Thus, it will be seen that to Southern California, working through Speaker Stanton, and at his request, are the people of San Francisco under obligations for the passage of their bill in its original form, when their own representatives in the legislature were divided upon the subject, a majority being against it. In evidence of what we affirm to be the facts, we have in our possession the following original letter, written by James Rolph, president of the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco, to Speaker Stanton, dated March 20, 1909, and reading as follows:

Honorable and Dear Sir.—We desire to express to you our appreciation for your support of measures advanced during the session of the legislature now closing, in the interests of this city, and, particularly so, in your support and valuable assistance in the successful adoption by the legislature of Senator Welch's harbor bills Nos. 226 and 227, and Senator Wolfe's harbor bill No. 485.

Moreover, the Mission Promotion Association of San Francisco, appreciative of Speaker Stanton's good work in behalf of the harbor measures, through its president and secretary, James Rolph and F. J. Churchill, wrote as follows, under date of March 15, 1909: "Mission Promotion Association at regular meeting tonight, by unanimous resolution, extends thanks to you for your able and unswerving support of Islais Creek bills."

These ought to satisfy "The Candid Friend," together with our previous contribution on the subject, how grievously he has wronged Southern California. Through Speaker Stanton and the votes of his friends from the south, the bills were passed in the form desired by the people of San Francisco, in defiance of their own divided delegation. That the harbor proposals were defeated at the general election, mainly because of negative votes recorded in Southern California, was wholly due, as we have shown, to the personal appeal to our people by certain civic bodies of San Francisco.

WHY HARBOR BAD LUCK?

WE HAVE it, on the word of Capt. Walter I. Rand, that "the reason why people do not achieve more in life is because they are too skeptical of the opportunities offered them." Captain Rand is an opportunity-maker, it should be explained. He is a dealer in lucky stones which he is prepared to dispose of in limited quantities to an avid public on the principle of first come, first served. We are in receipt of a thrillingly interesting circular letter from the philanthropic captain, telling how he acquired his own lucky stone from a Hindoo on the island of Ceylon, India, and what its possession has meant to him. With a view to relieving the misfortunes of mankind, he sent to the island for a consignment of similar precious charms, which he is now offering to down-on-their-luck compatriots at the ridiculously low price of one dollar each.

We have been greatly edified by a reading of the testimonials received from the numerous purchasers whom the captain has befriended. By actual count, there are 193 of them, breathing the most heartfelt gratitude to their deliverer, since with the receipt of the lucky stone, all ill-fortune seems to have fled. Here are a few typical expressions:

Dear Sir—On May 21 I received one of your Lucky Hindoo Stones, and after wearing the same a week I found 30 cents. After that I received a letter from a firm offering me a large salary of \$21 per week and expenses paid. I have also received several severe debts which parties owed me that I never expected to get. O, sir, I am well

pleased with the Stone and I thank you for sending it to me. I would not part with it for anything. Please write this testimonial in your next issue.

Yours truly, J. F. LEWIS,
Lucedale, Miss.

Box 21.

Dear Sir—After having your Lucky Stone for some time I find that it is of great value. Since I have received it I have had more day work than I could do, and always got money in my purse; I got a job a week after I had your stone. It certainly has a mysterious power beyond the power of man. I did not write before, because I wanted to give it a fair trial, and it has proven all right.

Yours truly, JOHN DAVENPORT,
1235 Day St., Allegheny, Pa.

Dear Sir—I received some time ago, through the mail, your Hindoo Lucky Stone, and in my estimation I do really believe it was a means of saving my life. In a thick snow storm in Ipswich Bay I was fishing at my trawls, and suddenly it shut in a heavy snow storm, so I could not signal the schooner, and very suddenly it scaled up, and the schooner was a mile away from me, so I rowed aboard, and took the wheel, and squared away for Portsmouth harbor, getting in after a hard time.

Thanking you very much in sending me the stone, I remain,
Most respectfully,

CAPT. WM. E. HUNT,
Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Sir—I never had so much luck in all my life, as I got now. When I first got the stone I slept all day on Sunday, and a funny feeling came over me, but now I am all right. I had a very bad leg, and could not get to work, and I put the stone in my stocking for a while. Now I can get down and work as good as any person, and I would not let it go for anyone. I don't know how I can thank you for the stone.

Yours truly,
MRS. SARAH JACKSON,
15 Clark St., Stapleton, N. Y.

Dear Sir—You are no doubt surprised to receive this second letter from me. I must tell you that I gave the first stone you sent me to my husband, and he had exceptionally good luck ever since, and I lay it all to the stone; so does he. Now, I want you to send me one right away.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. GERTRUDE WILCOTT,
715 Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

With the greatest reluctance we turn from a perusal of this fascinating correspondence. That the original letters, with genuine signatures, are in the possession of Captain Rand we have no doubt, since he offers to forfeit five thousand dollars if he cannot produce them. But who would think of questioning the word of so noble a benefactor? We can fancy the supreme joy of Mrs. Sarah Jackson, as the lucky stone presses into the calf of her game leg, snugly resting inside her stocking. We hope it will not slip down into her shoe. Then there is the man who found thirty cents after only a week's holding of the stone; the captain who was saved from drowning, and finally, the tribute of our fellow townsman, Mrs. Gertrude Wilcott of 715 Wall street—near the Record office, likely—whose husband has had exceptionally good luck since he received the stone.

For fear the captain might be inundated with letters of request, thereby cleaning him out of his last Ceylon consignment, we forbear to give his address. When we consider that of those who go in search of this wonderful stone few ever return, owing to cobra bites, wild animal bites and jungle fever, we are hardly justified in subjecting more of the natives to such a fate. Curiously enough, these poor creatures seem to have overlooked the opportunity of warding off such ill luck by the simple process of owning a stone. Perhaps it has never occurred to them.

GLAVIS' EVIDENCE NOT WEAKENED

CAREFUL following of the testimony of Louis R. Glavis, before the joint committee of investigation, composed of six senators and six representatives, satisfies the unprejudiced mind that however mistaken Glavis may have been in his conclusions, the alert special agent of the land office has been actuated throughout by a high sense of duty, with no desire to heap opprobrium on the President, with no thought of getting Secretary Ballinger ousted to gratify a personal dislike or from other unworthy motive. Here is a pen picture of the principal accusing witness, given by Walter Wellman in his Washington letter to the Chicago Record-Herald, describing Glavis as he sat in the witness chair the opening day of the hearing:

He is a young man of 30 or 35. Black of hair and low of eyebrow. Face smooth and swarthy, mouth hard and almost ugly, with the low droop of its

corners; the chin of a man of force and fighting blood. Cool of manner, careful of his words, as full of facts as a dog of fleas, memory phenomenal, not too glib; displaying no animus, no heat, no rancor, no overzeal, but quietly and almost convincingly narrating a series of facts as if facts and nothing but facts were his stock in trade and his supply inexhaustible. This young man, looking like an Indian and showing a little of the Indian's traits on the trail of his foe, made a most distinctly favorable impression upon the committee. He seemed to know his business, to be a master of it. He spoke with apparent frankness and confidence. When he didn't know he made no pretense. More than one listener was astonished at the tale which he unfolded. He convicted no one of a crime. He sprang no great sensation. But he skillfully wove what looked upon the surface like a net of facts. Whether it will hold or not, whether its strands are firm or rotten, the further progress of the inquiry must show.

We cannot believe that Glavis is what Attorney General Wickersham has pronounced him to be, a megalomaniac. There are no grandiose delusions evinced in his restrained, quietly-told, earnest narrative, no mental alienation discernible. He has traced before the committee his actions and those of Mr. Ballinger from the outset, insofar as they bear upon the coal lands controversy, and never do we catch a hint of the bigot, the malefic mind, the biased accuser. Rather, his testimony seems to say, "Here are the plain facts, draw your own conclusions, and be convinced, as I am, not that Secretary Ballinger has transgressed the law, but that he has been pre-disposed to use his position to help the coal land claimants gain title at the expense of the people." In other words, that the conservation of our national resources is not in safe hands.

In view of all that Glavis has testified, corroborated as it is by copies of letters, telegrams and other data of record in Washington, it is amazing, to say the least, that President Taft should have summarily dismissed this man from the public service, on the unsupported statement of Mr. Ballinger. If the President really investigated on his own account, as his premature vindication of Ballinger indicates, then his conclusions reached have about the same relative value as his designation of the Cannon-Aldrich-Payne tariff bill, which he found so captivating. Truth is, the President is in a box of his own making. If the committee decides that Ballinger did not exercise that discretionary power so vitally necessary in an official charged with the guardianship of the public domain, then Glavis, by every law of justice, should be reinstated in office, given a vote of thanks of the committee, and a public apology by the President. The latter should be addressed to the people, whose interests Glavis sought to protect, quite as much as to the special agent.

It is safe to say that but for the powerful influence wielded by Mr. Pinchot, whose testimony is yet to be heard, the effacement of Glavis, which his dismissal was expected to bring about, would have followed. By sacrificing his position on the altar of duty, Mr. Pinchot now becomes a nemesis against the land office department, whose chief is on trial. It is a dramatic situation. We await the late chief forester's testimony with unconcealed interest. Undoubtedly, he has much to reveal of startling moment to the American public.

GRAPHITES

I notice that the New York supreme court has ordered the arrest of Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, for failure to pay alimony at the rate of \$400 a month. Homer is now in San Diego, ill in mind and body, and with his own income shut off by reason of his temporary incapacity for work. Here would seem to be excellent reason why he is unable to meet the court's award. Homer and I used to work on the same paper, years ago, in Chicago, before he went to New York, and a straighter, more unaffected genius I never knew. I cannot believe that success in his profession could wholly spoil so fine a nature as his, and while I deplore the temperamental differences that have alienated him from his wife, I am certain the trouble does not lie wholly at his door. Truth is, he married after a two weeks' acquaintance, and woke up to find he was mated with one whose views in nowise blended with his own, and the longer they lived together the farther they grew apart, culminating in a mutual separation. Prior to a legal pronouncement, Homer made a most generous settlement on his

wife, deeding to her all his property, including real estate in California, a beautiful home in East Orange, N. J., one of the most extensive and attractive country estates in America at Morris Plains, N. J., together with a large life insurance, and a vast amount of valuable furniture, works of art and rare paintings, and library. There are no scandals, no affinities, in this deplorable mix-up. Mrs. Davenport's tendency was to rant against literary and artistic persons. This was a direct blow to her husband's profession, which was his only means of providing for his family. Despite this continued friction at home, Homer never failed to carry on his professional work, until recently, when his health gave way. Now he is preparing to re-enter the lecture field, in which he has previously attained success, pending his return to the cartoonist's desk. His initial effort in this direction was made in the Isis Theater at San Diego, last night, and was in the nature of a test to prove to his doctor that he could stand the strain of a lecture trip under the auspices of the famous Raja Yoga schools.

Responding to a cry from Macedonia (N. Y.), Senator Platt has introduced in the New York state legislature a bill providing that railroads must publish their time tables in the daily newspapers throughout the state or be penalized in the sum of \$25 for a violation of the act. Whether this act is primarily to help out the country dailies or really supply a long-felt want by the public is not quite clear. Time tables are only valuable when they are scrupulously observed by those making them. Here on the coast, the railroads are disinclined to print their time tables, because the papers which insert them as news matter so seldom note the changes that the public is misled and then is wrathful with the roads. As a rule, the time tables are a distinct benefit, and if constantly supervised are a good feature of daily journalism, but unless they are paid for by the railroads the tendency is to run them irregularly, whenever pressure of other "news" or a plethora of advertising crowds the paper.

That opera bouffe story of the birth of quadruplets to Mrs. Wilson, which proved to be a borrowed litter, so to speak, reminds me of the way this seeker for notoriety fooled us all when she first came to Los Angeles from Chicago, four or five years ago. I sent a reporter to see her and the triplets she claimed to have presented her rather perturbed husband, and for a week thereafter she enjoyed headline stories of which she was the subject in all the dailies. It is now admitted that they, too—at least, two—were borrowed for the occasion. I see that out-of-town newspapers are suggesting that Mrs. Wilson had merely imbibed the Los Angeles trick of doing things on a big scale. This is a delicate compliment, but I have since learned that she contracted the domestic census-swelling habit back in Cook county, by announcing twins on several occasions. How would Mr. Taft's predecessor classify this form of delusion or deception?

"STRIPE" AT THE NEW THEATER

SINCE the production of "The Silver Box," a few years ago, when Miss Ethel Barrymore, by her sincere playing of the unfortunate charwoman, won the respect of that portion of the theater-going public that rejoices in a serious play, well acted, and disappointed the admirers who did not care to see her pretty face besmudged, we have been waiting to see another play in the same vein from the pen of Mr. John Galsworthy. In "Strife" he has lived up to his promise. In it he presents the everlasting conflict between capital and labor. He "had held as 'twere the mirror up to nature" and has given a tremendously strong and virile picture of conditions. He does not offer a solution of the problem. He merely gives facts and emphasizes, with a grimness that is appalling, the thing that stands forever in the way of the peace between opposing interests—the inherent selfishness and egotism of human beings. Undoubtedly, he has sympathies and strong ones, or he would not choose such themes for his plays, and he has convictions.

It might be soothing to the spirits of those who take present-day conditions seriously if he would allow his natural sympathies expression and would offer solutions for the problems he presents, but he chooses not to juggle with his characters. They are men as they exist today, not puppets that dance as he pulls the string, nor arch-angels. He shows us things as they are, not as he would like to have them. It is, therefore, not so much the struggle between capital and labor that remains with us after the play as

it is the personal equation of the two men that head the opposing interests, and the bitter irony of most of the things for which short-sighted human beings struggle and imperil their immortal souls. These two men, Anthony and Roberts, struggle through suffering and death until both are broken, only to find that the result is compromise, and that the terms agreed upon in the end are exactly the same that were presented in the beginning and refused by both sides.

* * *

Throughout the winter a strike has been in progress in the Ohio tin-plate mills, and at the opening of the play a director's meeting is in progress in the dining room of the manager's house. The company is in straights, much money has been lost, and the men are stubborn. The general feeling among the directors is for compromise, in order that work and the payment of dividends may be resumed as soon as possible; but the ruling spirit of John Anthony dominates them as it always has done. Mr. Anthony is president of the company; he is seventy-six, and he knows what it is to fight battles and win. A representative of the union comes in the hope of adjusting matters, but to every proposition advanced Anthony says "no compromise." Then comes a delegation of the men, under the leadership of David Roberts, and the two men clash.

* * *

Roberts, gaunt, fanatical, a man with a grievance (for out of an invention for which he has received next to nothing the company has made half a million), holding the men by sheer force of his personality, blind to everything except what he believes to be common justice and the final good of the working people, will have all his demands granted or none. He will not compromise. Anthony is equally sincere in his position, that, for the good of society, the master must stay master of the men under him, and that any yielding is but weak sentimentalism, to be crushed out. There is a deadlock. Neither of the two will yield. Both standing on the firm rock of principle, diametrically opposed because of their different interests and different viewpoints, have lost the ability to see matters as they are and what might be accomplished with a little common sense. Neither of them will give way.

* * *

This deadlock must continue, unless one of them is broken. It happens that both fall under the wheels. The meeting of the directors is adjourned until the late afternoon. Meantime, there is ferment among the workmen who have come through privation to the breaking point. We see the women in Roberts' home. His wife is dying of heart disease, and she needs comforts, but she is loyal to her husband. The others bring all the influence they have upon their men folk to throw Roberts over. The scene shifts to the millyard, where there is a turbulent meeting; this one and that one speak, and the men are ready to yield when Roberts comes with his fire to sway them. They are as putty in his hands, when the news of his wife's death reaches him, and he gives the suggestion of collapse.

Again the directors meet, this time to vote Anthony down. It is the great tragedy in his life, for he can now no longer stand at the head of the company he founded. As he resigns his position as president, the men come in. Roberts is a moment late, defained, he says, "by something that has happened." He is mortally wounded, but he is still fighting. "No compromise," he says, but things have moved in his absence. The men have accepted the terms laid down by the union, and agreed to by the company. It is a great moment when Anthony and Roberts, face to face, each one conscious that he has been abandoned and has lost the fight through the disaffection of others, silently offer a salute.

* * *

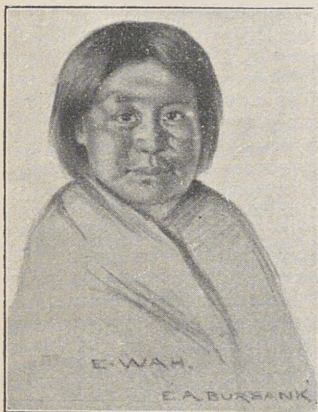
Albert Bruning as Roberts and Louis Calvert as Anthony leave nothing to be desired in the acting. There is fire and fanaticism in Roberts, a genuine tenderness in the scene with his wife, and wonderful pathos in his reading of the line that expresses the wreck that has been made of his life to no purpose. Mr. Calvert shows all the dignity, poise and self-love of the man accustomed to command. The others are equal to the demands of their roles. Mr. George Foster Platt is to be congratulated on his staging of the play. The ensemble of the workmen scene is excellent, and the setting most interesting. In some way, the suffering of the working people failed to be entirely convincing, but that may be partly the result of the gorgeous auditorium in which the play was produced. In the midst of such splendor it is difficult to realize that cold and hunger can exist in the world.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, January 31, 1910.

Indian Children and Their Distinctive Traits

BY E. A. BURBANK



INDIAN children, who do not see many white people, are frightened when they do see them, and if approached by them, will cry and run as fast as possible to their parents. But, as a rule, a little candy will fix matters all right. Nothing pleases an Indian more than to have a white man show his children attention and kind-

ness. Indians are just as kind to white children as they are to their own. A little boy from Chicago paid a visit to his brother, who was a lieutenant at Fort Sill, Okla. One day he was missed, but the officer did not worry when he heard that the lad had gone to visit with Kiowa Indians.

It was amusing to hear the lad talk when he came back. He said he had had the finest time he ever had in his life; had slept in the tepee with the Indians, and ate with them. They had made him a bow and arrow, and taught him how to use it; had given him a pony to ride while he was with them; had taught him Indian words and songs, and did all in their power to make his visit pleasant and one long to be remembered. This, really, is an easy matter for Indians to do, for, as I have said before, they are nothing but grown-up children themselves, and the best way to get along with them is to treat them as such.

From the time an Indian child is born, until it is married, its life is full of sunshine and pleasure, and it has no care of any kind, with the exception of the Moqui (Hopi), Zuni and Pueblo children. The children of the latter do not have so much fun as the children of other tribes, because they have work to do. As soon as they are old enough, the Moqui, Zuni and Pueblo Indian girls bring water from the creeks and springs in earthen jars made by Indians. These jars, filled with water, are carried by balancing them on their heads without touching their hands to them by the Pueblo and Zuni children, while the Moqui girl carries water by resting the jar on her back, with a band of cloth fastened to the jar and passing around her forehead.

At Laguna, N. M., I have seen a lot of little Pueblo girls, with these jars filled with water on their heads, playing, and very seldom spilling any of the contents. I believe the Moqui children have the hardest time of any of the Indian children. They live on a mesa or a great, high rock, perhaps seven hundred feet high, and about a mile long. This mesa averages one hundred feet in width and is eighty miles from a railroad. They live in crude houses, built of stone and plastered over with clay and then whitewashed by the women with their hands. The climate is

delightful in summer, and at times quite cold in winter. Yet, I have seen the little Moqui children go around stark naked, both winter and summer.

At my first visit I passed December, January, February and March with them, and the children up to six years old, played in the snow with not a stitch of clothing on their little forms. When they became cold, they would run indoors. The Moquis have upward of fifty different ceremonies every year, and in many of them the children take part. When a Moqui child is old enough to understand, he or she is initiated into the tribe. As a rule, they do not allow any white people to witness the initiation, but I was fortunate enough to witness one.

All the children who are old enough are sent to a kiva or cave, which is a room about twenty feet square and built below the surface of the mesa, like a cellar; there is no window in the cave and the only source of light comes from the opening at the top, where there is a ladder giving admission to the kiva. At one side of the

who is called a mother. Behind this "mother" comes two sons, whose duty it is to whip the children. They are dressed in a hideous manner, each wearing a fearful looking mask. On the floor, painted in white, is a cross, and at the center of the cross is a feather; back of the cross, and at one end of the room, is an altar, and at one side of the altar sit two old men, naked, each with a rattle in his hands with which he makes a weird noise at the same time humming a tune in a low key. At the right of the old men sits a big, muscular Indian, also naked, whose duty it is to bring by force all unruly children who will not step up and receive a thrashing.

In front of the cross an old man, in costume, stands, with a lot of long cactus lashes in his arm, and on each side of him are the two sons, who are to do the whipping. When all is ready, the "mother" calls out to one of the children to step up and place his or her foot upon the feather. Blindly, but unquestioningly, the child obeys. As soon as he has done this, the child sprinkles sacred meal on the son who is to whip him, and, in

turn, the initiate is sprinkled. The child is asked to bare his back, which is done, and he or she receives three lashes on the bare skin. The son lashes one child, then the other son takes his place and lashes the next comer, until all are chastised.

Needless to say that, after the first child is lashed, there is trouble experienced in getting the other children to step up, but with the assistance of the big fellow, it is easily accomplished. When one child is lashed, his accompanying relatives also must undergo similar punishment, and, strange to say, the Indian who holds the lashes receives the worst licking of all. I, myself, had to be lashed, because I was present and witnessed the ceremony. When all the children have been whipped, they are told all the secrets of the Moqui tribe, and ordered not to reveal them under penalty of severe punishment.

There is one ceremony which takes place once a year and lasts two days, and is well worth seeing. The first day the smallest children have to take part. There are three different and separate villages on top of the east mesa, and to each village several gods, or what the Moquis call Katinas, go begging from house to house for food to be eaten by a hundred gods the next day.

These gods are dressed in the most outlandish, scaring manner. They all wear masks; three of them appear as crocodiles, with teeth showing; the jaws work up and down. One has a mask to represent death, with big yellow eyes and long black whiskers and hair. His hands are covered with blood. In one he holds a long butcher knife, also blood smeared, while in the other hand he carries a shepherd's crook, with a lot of bones fastened on the handle. When he hits this stick on the ground

the bones rattle, making a curious noise. Each has a certain part to perform, personating his particular god. All go to a house, where the leader raps on the door and asks for food. A woman comes to the door with a little child, and she gives to the little one whatever is to be given to these hideous looking creatures. The gods al-



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kiva all the little children who are to be initiated are seated, each one with a relative, either a man or woman. Little did these children know what was coming.

Presently a noise and stamping is heard above, and soon three Indians descend the ladder. One is a man, dressed like a woman, wearing a mask,

ways want more; generally, the woman refuses, as she thinks she has given them enough; then trouble ensues. The gods use different means to obtain more; as a last resort the god with the bloody hands and bloody butcher knife steps up, whereupon they get all they want.

I watched them for half a day, and many a time did I see the mother cover up her little child's eyes with her hands, so it could not see the hideous creatures. Sometimes the children would be so frightened they would almost go into hysterics.

One morning, when I went upon the mesa, I saw four stark naked little boys, each with a rope tied around his waist, at the other end of which was a man. Three musicians were also there. One had a drum and the other two were singing. At first, I thought they were playing horse, but pretty soon I saw them all walk to a house, out of which came an Indian woman, who poured ice cold water all over each naked boy. It was in January, and snow was on the ground, and the air was raw. At one time an Indian woman poured water on the boys from the third story of a house. I inquired what it all meant, and was told it was a ceremony they went through once a year, believing it would bring rain or snow in a few days.

* * *

The Moqui girls have more to do than the boys. The Moqui women and girls grind all their corn between two stones, and the girls, as soon as they are old enough, have to share in this laborious and tedious work, for it takes a long time to grind even a small quantity. Then the girls make the bread, or "peki," as they call it, which is made in a very curious way.

The stove is a long, flat stone, placed upon four small ones, with a fire built underneath. When the stone is hot, with their bare hands they dexterously spread corn on it which has been mixed with water and lye. It cooks quickly, and is taken off in thin sheets, like tissue paper. The color of the peki is a bluish black, pink or white, according to the color of the corn.

When a Moqui girl is of marriageable age, her hair is done up to represent a squash blossom, which looks like wheels on each side of her head. When she is married her hair is braided in two braids.

* * *

Chief Geronimo, of the Apaches, had ten children. All are dead but one little daughter named E-wah, to whom he was very devoted. I have told you about her in a previous article; a sketch of her from life is shown at the beginning of the paper.

It is seldom that an Indian whips his children. They make them obey by kind treatment. A Kiowa Indian, who was sitting for me for his portrait, brought his boy with him one day. The little fellow was five years old and full of life and mischief. The boy's play annoyed me, and the father asked him to stop and sit down. The son paying no attention to this request, the father finally said, "Well, if you don't stop you will break my heart." This appeal touched the youngster and he instantly ceased his tricks.

Indian children are the best behaved and cry the least of any children I have ever seen.

Senator Willis May be Ambitious

From San Bernardino protest comes against an intimation in this column recently to the effect that Senator Harry M. Willis, late deputy United States district attorney in Los Angeles, is again to seek the position of state senator from the district represented by him in the last legislature. It is insisted in Senator Willis' behalf that in the event he decides to re-enter active politics, he will aspire to a more important place than a seat in the upper house at Sacramento. I am wondering if Senator Willis has a congressional bee buzzing about him? It would be a shame to supplant Congressman C. S. Smith at this time. With the new census conceding another member of congress to Southern California, I have an idea that San Diego will have to be reckoned with.

Senator Flint and the Governor

No official word has come as yet from Senator Flint as to whether or not he will seek a reelection. Reports on the subject appear to be conflicting. Governor Gillett, in his withdrawal announcement side talk, strongly favors the junior senator for a second term. This statement has set the quidnuncs to guessing, the sentiment being general that the governor would not have expressed himself as he did if he were not in possession of inside information that Senator Flint is to be prevailed upon to make a primary campaign the coming summer.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

IN THE gentle art of official decapitation, Mayor McCarthy has beaten all records. Not a single appointee of the previous administration has escaped the axe. Those who did not bend their necks gracefully were hustled to the guillotine. McCarthy has promised San Francisco the best government she ever had. But he has taken the position that he cannot insure that result unless every administration office is filled by the man of his own selection. He gladly accepts full responsibility for his absolutism. There has been much discussion concerning the provisions of the charter against the terms of the commissioners' expiring simultaneously. The transparent object of those provisions was to prevent the concentration into one man's hands of such power as Mayor McCarthy has now assumed. But at the same time, the charter left the removal "for cause" loophole, and where commissioners did not resign gracefully, McCarthy has found little difficulty in discovering "cause." Steps have been taken to contest some of the McCarthy removals, but, in light of the supreme court's decision in the San Diego case, such contests probably will be fruitless. In the case of the San Diego appointive official, who appealed to the courts against his summary removal, the supreme bench held that the mayor is the sole judge of the sufficiency of the "cause" for removal.

* * *

Public opinion, on the whole, is sustaining McCarthy. No relic of the Taylor administration was regarded with especial popular favor. And the general trend of public sentiment seems to be that if McCarthy is determined to be "the whole thing," and to accept entire responsibility, unrestricted opportunity should be given him to make or break himself. A remedy will still remain in the people's hands, since two years ago the "recall" provision was incorporated in the city's charter. There are pessimists who predict that this instrument will be invoked against McCarthy before he has been in office many months, but the majority of people seem satisfied with the mayor's promises and sanguine of his ability to make good.

* * *

Demonstrations of the glad hand, definitions of the verb, "to boost," have been in evidence here since the visitation of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce pilgrims. San Francisco is now beaming upon her southern sister with the kindest eye, and not a newspaper but chants her praises. Listen to this, in the Chronicle: "It was an inspiration to listen to the addresses of our friends from Los Angeles at the banquet the other night. As one after another of them gave utterance to noble and patriotic sentiments, one realized why Los Angeles had so rapidly grown to be a big city. It is because she has big men. A band of such men, turned loose anywhere, would create a big city. Much more certain were they sure to do it in so delightful a spot as Los Angeles." From such, which is only a sample tribute of many others, it would seem that the most cordial of "ententes" has been firmly established. It does not appear, however, that the moot and vexed question was broached of Los Angeles' position between San Francisco and San Diego in regard to the Panama exposition. The Chronicle, however, declares: "It was evident that it was the intent of our visitors to [?] indirectly make manifest [sic] the spirit with which they would get behind the Panama exposition. And it was evident enough. They will boost for the exposition as they would boost for themselves. Nothing better could be desired. There is nothing better. The pull together of Los Angeles will move anything." Thus doth the Chronicle "indirectly make manifest." Of all the good speeches made by the Los Angeles boosters during their visit, that of Joe Scott at the banquet made the greatest impression. A veteran banqueter declared that it was easily the best after-dinner oratory he had ever heard.

* * *

Joseph Scott's personality, always commanding attention, was of especial interest, as it is understood he is being groomed to fit the toga when relinquished by Senator Flint. To politicians up here, Scott, as senatorial timber, seems an enigma. They cannot identify him with politics at all. But this fact, in view of the probability that the next legislature will not be controlled by the Republican machine, may redound distinctly to Scott's advantage. In Scott's banquet speech he paid a beautiful tribute to Stephen M. White. This, doubtless, prompted an auditor to remark, as Scott concluded his brilliant ad-

dress: "I miss my guess if we have not been listening to a worthy successor of White himself."

* * *

Governor Gillett's decision, not to be a candidate to succeed himself, has been accepted with genuine regret by those who can find few flaws but many virtues in the record of his administration. At the same time, his withdrawal undoubtedly clarifies the atmosphere and makes the race for the gubernatorial stakes more open than ever. It also considerably enhances Southern California's opportunity to name the next governor, if the south is wise enough to concentrate its strength on a single candidate. The aspirants in the north now number four: Charles F. Curry, Mayor Frank K. Mott of Oakland, John McNab of Ukiah and Senator Charles M. Belshaw. Against any one of these Phil Stanton has more than an "even break" from the start; against the four of them he should be landed an easy winner.

In reply to the rumor that he contemplates resignation from the United States circuit bench, Judge Erskine M. Ross says: "I have made no statement to the effect that I would retire, and I have no intention at this time of so doing. I cannot imagine what could have given rise to such a story."

R. H. C.

San Francisco, February 1, 1910.

POLITICAL SIDE LIGHTS

Politics have begun to sizzle at the court house, with petitions out for the nomination of nearly every incumbent holding an elective office. In that connection, Martin C. Marsh was asked this week to sign his name in the interest of a certain Republican aspirant for county clerk. Now, Martin, as is well known, has been a life-long Democrat. In fact, so staunch heretofore has been his political partisanship that in the second ward there is a legend that Martin always votes for Andrew Jackson for President of the United States and for "Pinkey" for mayor of Los Angeles. Consequently, when he was invited to sign a Keyes Republican nominating petition, others present were aghast. To their astonishment, however, Martin promptly signed his name, and when he was informed that his action has pitchforked him out of the democracy into the Republican camp, Marsh did not show the least surprise. To the contrary, he then and there avowed himself no longer a Democrat, and what is more to the point, apparently he means it. With Martin C. Marsh divorced from militant democracy in Los Angeles county there is precious little left of the old party organization, excepting, perhaps, Thomas McCaffrey.

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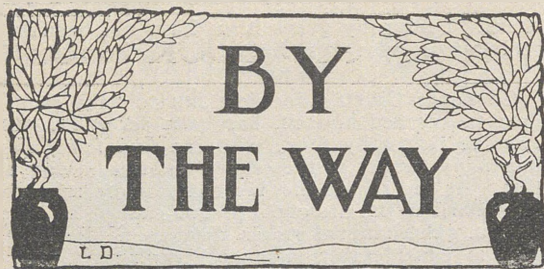
Which reminds me that in the last municipal campaign the local Democratic party organization would, undoubtedly, have endorsed George Alexander for mayor, but for McCaffrey's opposing influence. An attempt was made to swing the city central committee for Smith, but when a casual investigation developed that a majority of the committee favored Mayor Alexander, the question no longer was agitated.

* * *

Admirers of Joseph Call are grooming him seriously for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. I have it from an excellent source that Gavin McNab, San Francisco's Democratic boss, is more than anxious to use Call as a club with which to beat into submission Theodore Bell. Mr. Call, while he would like to be elected to fill the executive's chair, is not anxious to secure the honor through the means indicated. It has been suggested that if Mr. Call were to permit the use of his name and personality for the position of state railroad commissioner to succeed Theodore Summerland, he undoubtedly could obtain the Democratic nomination, and, later, probably be elected. It will not surprise me to learn that Mr. Call has decided to accept this solution of a political problem.

* * *

There are two vacancies on the water board, and there is considerable pulling and hauling below the surface to induce Mayor Alexander to appoint certain favorites. With Gen. M. H. Sherman out, and the four-year term of J. J. Fay having expired, two vacancies will have to be filled. Mr. Fay having been chairman of the board, that particular plum is well worth while. The annual salary is \$3,000 a year, the duties nominal, and it is the single place on the board to which a stipend is attached. Undoubtedly, Maj. H. T. Lee is to go on the board, an admirable selection, but he will probably succeed General Sherman. Just who will be invited to assume the duties of chairman, with emolument, appears to be considerable of a puzzle around the city hall.



Picturesque Character Gone

When Charles Cabot's life snuffed out last week, there passed away, at the age of 84, one of the most picturesque characters Los Angeles has harbored in the forty-six years Mr. Cabot made his home here. He died as he had lived, quietly and with as little trouble as he could possibly make. I saw him the day before he went to the California Hospital, tall and erect as ever, rattling his bunch of keys behind his back, perhaps just a trifle more nervously than was his wont, but with no other deviation from the sedate statuesque manner that marked his spare, upright figure in its suit of solemn black, its old-fashioned rounded collar and black stock. Unaccompanied, he walked from the street car to the hospital and surprised the attendants there by asking for a room, they not realizing from his appearance that he was other than a visitor. But an examination quickly revealed that both lungs were in a highly congested state, and that the Father of the California Club was in a dangerous condition. He died of pneumonia the day following, a Spartan to the end, uncomplaining, a gentleman to his finger tips, thanking his nurse by a gracious bow when he was too weak to speak, just before his life spirit escaped its earthly tenement. I cannot refrain from reprinting here Maj. Henry T. Lee's beautiful tribute to Mr. Cabot, which, by action of the board of directors, has been spread on the minutes of the meeting following his death, and a copy posted on the bulletin board. It reads:

It is eminently fitting that the board of directors of the California Club should take action upon the death of Mr. Cabot. One of the original founders of the club in May, 1887, he was also one of the incorporators in December, 1888. He served as director for five years, as vice-president one year, and two terms as president. But his loyal devotion to the club, his keen interest, watchful and intelligent care, and his jealous regard for its welfare, its reputation and its honor, were not measured or limited by the terms or scope of his official service. He loved the club, and to him, from the day of its opening, it was his home. His tall, erect, distinguished figure, his quaint, high-bred bearing, his old-time costume and manners, his dignified yet kindly and unfailing courtesy, his quiet, genial spirit of comradeship, made him for all these years easily the most marked member of the club. Mr. Cabot was high-spirited, sensitive, positive in his views, and of absolute, outspoken loyalty where his sense of duty, his convictions of the right, or his affections led him. He left us honored and esteemed by all, loved by very many.

So say we all of us. I have often wondered what the romance of his life was and why, in the nearly half a century of his residence on the coast, he never cared to return to his beloved Boston. If it were a heart affair he carried the secret to his grave. Who knows? By this time he may have found the solace his long years of loneliness earned.

Junior Banker Hellman as a Booster

When in San Francisco last week, the Glad Handers from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce were entertained by many of the most influential business men of the northern metropolis. I. W. Hellman, Jr., was one of those who enthusiastically did the honors. He took five Los Angeles bankers for a motor car ride through Golden Gate Park, to the Cliff House, the Presidio and then down a beautiful road to a point about two miles south of the Cliff House, where it is proposed to hold a Panama exposition in 1915. This is a tract of about three thousand acres, owned by the Spring Valley Water Company. The fact that it belongs to one company will greatly facilitate matters. Mr. Hellman said: "This will be a fifty million dollar show. It will attract from all parts of the world. Every civilized and semi-civilized government will be represented. Give San Francisco an opportunity to show what she has done since the fire made her a desolate field of junk! Visitors will pass a few days in San Francisco in viewing the exposition and the sights around the bay, and then they will go to Southern California for a few weeks more. I believe Southern California will gain more by this exposition than if it were held south of the Tehachapi." Mr. Hellman's interests in Southern California are so great that one may thoroughly rely on his advice being of the friendliest

nature. I am told that his taxes in Los Angeles county for the current fiscal year were close to fifty thousand dollars.

Kirmess May Jolt Eligible Bachelors

If you have not seen Gurney Newlin's black lines on his upper lip serving as mustachios in his Marsovian make-up then you have missed much. That and his shiny boots are a dream for young maids to gaze upon. When he and Walter Van Pelt, also similarly accoutered, face their fair partners in the dance, there is a distinct pitapat of hearts heard clear across the Auditorium. Another profound impression is made by Arthur Dodworth in his natty costume in the Irish dance. Arthur's tall tile is worn at a jaunty angle, which is at once a challenge to all of the opposite sex to "come on," and there is no hesitation. I shall not be at all surprised to learn that many young bachelors of my acquaintance will be ineligible for the annual Bachelor ball next season, following this Kirmess affair. There are Carroll Stilson, Harold Janss, Walter Van Pelt, Cloyd Lott, Maynard McFie, Arthur Bumiller, James Page and half a dozen others who may be described as imminent cases, if the symptoms have been correctly reported to me.

When Colonel Garland Pirouetted

When Colonel William May Garland led the grand march of the Kirmess procession Wednesday night, at the Auditorium, all society present sent up little delighted ahs! and ohs! to see the colonel's gorgeous red cheeks and his nobby costume. His wielding of the baton was a prose poem, and as for his gait, it was the perfection of rhythmic prancing. But all this was as nothing compared to the solo dance William performed on the cleared stage after the marchers had filed off. What pirouetting! What posturing! What swaying! What bowing and scraping! Those silken-clad lower limbs caressed the air as daintily as ever Ariel did in his circumambient flights, and never did professional dancer perform a more graceful pas seul than did our own sweet William on that occasion. Madre de Dios! That were a sight alone worth the price of admission:

When Colonel Garland swayed and bowed
A hum of satisfaction rose,
As that expectant, quivering crowd
Gazed on his wondrous silken hose.
Those noble calves! That manly form,
Surmounted by a velvet toque;
Ah me, all hearts he took by storm,
From boxes to the gallery folk.
And when he skipped across the stage,
In perfect step and threw a kiss,
Without regard to sex or age,
The house acclaimed its ravished bliss.
Let others sing of glorious deeds,
Let others prate of maidens' charms,
My muse on loftier subjects feeds—
I sing the song of legs and arms!
And when the years have wrought their spell,
And memory for indulgence begs,
On William's triumph I shall dwell
And eke his faultless, nimble legs!

Billy Mines Convalescent

After a brave battle against a pulmonary attack, brought on by too much activity in business, Will Mines is convalescent, and for a few days is resting at Hotel Raymond on South Pasadena heights. There has been much honest concern expressed over Billy's illness, for no man is more genuinely regarded in club and business circles than the senior member of the firm of Mines and Farish. Assiduously nursed by his devoted wife, who is with him at the Raymond, there is now a happy likelihood that in another week or so he will be out again, receiving the warm congratulations of his many friends.

Transgressing the Ethics

I know doctors do not care for publicity, as a rule, and I hope Dr. Guy Cochran will forgive this story, which a friend revealed. The treasurer of the Times, Albert McFarland, in his eighty-first year, is just out of the California Hospital, following a severe surgical operation performed by Dr. Cochran which proved so successful that the octogenarian patient is now as brisk as a young lambkin. Par parenthese, Dr. Guy's yellow and black auto is still the joy of all negro folk, who will run a block to feast their eyes on its gorgeous coloring.

Sumner Hunt is Anchored

Sumner Hunt has an honest grievance. After a six weeks' absence in the east, whither he went to enjoy the holiday season with Mrs. Hunt, who had preceded him, and with whom he returned home, the society columns last week stated that he and Mrs. Hunt would leave in a few days for Portland, Ore., for a brief visit. Lest I should be the unwitting cause of clients delaying their

calls on him for plans for new homes, I hasten to correct the error. Mr. Hunt is here to stay, and is back with a plethora of new ideas gained in his eastern sojourn. The noon hour domino game which lost one member when Percy Wilson was called hence, is now partially reinforced by Sumner's return.

Snyder's Message to "Dad" Bicknell

When the Glad Hand Chamber of Commerce excursionists were in Oakland, they were asked, by an elderly gentleman with a military air, "Do you know Dr. Fred Bicknell?" "Yes," came from half a dozen. "When you get back, tell him that you saw Snyder. Remind him of the battle where he, as an officer in our company, ordered me away from a spot where he thought the bullets were falling too rapidly. As I stepped away, a bullet went through the crown of Bicknell's hat, shaving a neat furrow in his hair." It goes without saying that "Dad" Bicknell, as the younger practitioners affectionately call him, was glad to get the message from Snyder.

Mrs. Macneil's Purchase

In buying from Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow the house on Figueroa street directly east of the doctor's home, Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil has accomplished a pretty sentiment, in that she has regained to the family the old home that was built by her father many years ago, and in which many happy days were passed by Mrs. Macneil. I understand the exterior is to be remodeled entirely into the colonial type, and the interior handsomely decorated. All this preparatory to the home-coming of Sayre Macneil now in his last year at Harvard law school. With a son and daughter to help entertain their accomplished mother the new Macneil mansion ought to prove a famous vantage ground for the younger folk as well as for those of more sedate years.

From Father to Son

I wonder if the spirit of the elder Slauson wasn't hovering about the room sacred to the Sunset Club gatherings at Al Levy's, Friday evening of last week when at the annual election of officers his lovable son, James, was inducted into the presidential chair. The Sunset Club was a real joy to the father, several times its president, and his son is equally fond of this unique organization of kindred spirits. The election of the younger Slauson marks an epoch in the club's history, the passing of the gavel from one generation to the succeeding. It is the aim of the Sunsetters to perpetuate the club in this manner, and several youngsters now in college are having seats kept warm for their advent later. Those two perennials, Fred Alles and Louis Vetter, were re-elected secretary and treasurer, although John Byrne sprang one of his practical jokes on them that almost gave Louis heart disease.

Dr. Clarence Moore Due Here Soon

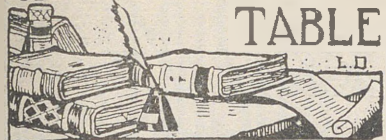
Dr. Clarence Moore, who left Los Angeles a year ago to enter the famous hospital at Rochester, Minn., is expected home the last of this month, to renew his interrupted practice here in conjunction with his able father, Dr. M. L. Moore. The younger doctor has had a most profitable year, and that he is now acting as first assistant surgeon to the noted Dr. Mayo attests pretty thoroughly the assiduous work as well as the skill of the Los Angeleno. It has been a most valuable experience for him, but both he and Mrs. Moore will be more than delighted to get back to their many friends here.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



To be a citizen of the world is not achieved by many women; like higher education and politics, it has usually been a masculine privilege, but no one can read the life of Alice Freeman Palmer, written by her husband, George Herbert Palmer, without saying at once that here, at least, was one woman to whom sex was not a restriction, but an opportunity. By citizen of the world is not meant man of the world or woman of the world, in its usual flippant sense; but a spirit of universal significance, one unhampered by the petty bounds of country or station, who felt within herself the power of the instrument used for great purposes.

Alice Freeman was born at Colesville, Broome county, New York, in 1855. Her young eyes looked upon a smiling, peaceful country beside the Susquehanna river. Her ancestry was sturdy and righteous, like that of many Americans. Her mother was beautiful and had been a teacher; at her daughter's birth she was only seventeen, so they grew up together. The father was a farmer, but later studied medicine and practiced that profession until his death. He had a beautiful moral nature, and sunny red hair, both of which his daughter inherited. Her childhood was a happy, contented one, full of thoughtfulness for others. In a farming community, where servants were unknown, newspapers and periodicals scarce, the whole interest centered in the family life; there was labor to perform and no luxury, but there was content, and the family life seasoned by a thirst for learning. Her father went to Windsor to live, after studying medicine, and here Alice, at the age of ten, entered Windsor Academy, and her real education began, also her impress upon those about her. When she was twelve, four schools of Broome county held a literary contest. Each school was to prepare a set of compositions, these were to be put in charge of a delegate for arrangement and public reading. The three other schools chose teachers for this service, but Windsor Academy selected Alice, a remarkable tribute to her capacity and judgment.

In 1872, at the age of seventeen, she entered Michigan University and was taken under the particular charge of President Angell himself. Her college life was marked by anxieties about money and overtaxed strength, but this was only an added spur to her ambition. Her life was glorified by religion, and excluded nothing that was aspiring. Her junior year was interrupted by need of money in her home. The Ottawa high school was in want of a principal, and Dr. Angell suggested her name for the position, although she had never taught before, and was almost the same age of her pupils. Her success was such that she was offered the position for the following year, but declined it as the salary she had already earned there tided over the financial difficulties. After her graduation, she was called to the Wellesley as professor of history, and soon after became the president. For nine years she gave distinguished service to the cause of woman's education. She took the college affairs in her hands and achieved a standard, she formed Wellesley as it is today.

After her marriage to Professor Freeman of Harvard her home was at Cambridge, but her interests in and supervision of Wellesley never ceased. A bare recital of the facts of her life in no way account for her. Dr. Palmer, who knew her best, is in no way able to explain her force; she was not a great scholar, she had no commanding powers that set her apart or above others of her time, but she had a genius for people, a fire of sympathy and co-operation in which everything petty was burned away. She carried a personal atmosphere that revived everything it touched. Energies were born, interest revived, life restored into any flagging cause at her touch. Wal-

ter Pater would explain it no doubt as the spirit of Apollo once again appearing upon the earth. Where she went was joy, and achievement. ("Alice Freeman Palmer." By George Herbert Palmer. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

M. H. C.

"Passers By"

Anthony Partridge rambling drearily through three hundred pages of his book, "Passers By," is a disappointment after his keenly interesting tale, "The Distributors." "Passers By" is the tale of Christine, a mysterious street singer, who strolls through London with a hunchback and a monkey for companions. There is much intrigue, much mystery, a love interest, vengeance, murder, and a happy finale, all tangled together, with the result that the reader is wearied without having been greatly interested. The thrills do not thrill, the heroine is by no means lovable nor yet admirable, and the hero's presence on the scene is never convincingly explained. In short, the best thing about the book is its interest-challenging title. ("Passers By." By Anthony Partridge. Little, Brown & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Harper's for February is notably strong in good fiction. The anonymous author of "The Inner Shrine," supposed to be Basil King, has the first installment of a second serial, "The Wild Olive," featured in this issue of the magazine. The story promises to be as interesting as was the preceding novel. "An Old Circle," by Ford Madox Hueffer, is a familiar sketch of incidents in the lives of several of the famous writers and artists. "The Romancing of a Square Party," by Louise Closser Hale, is of entertainment to travelers abroad, or those interested in old-world beauties of architecture. "Beyond the Dead Sea," by Ellsworth Huntington, Ph.D., is a well-illustrated sketch of Biblical lands. Among the short stories are included "Little Grey Father," by Keene Abbott; "The Umbrella Man," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; "Vindication," by Johnson Morton; "John-a-Dreams," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Don Harvey and the Shadow," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Morrison; and "The Comforters," by Minna Stanwood.

"Manet and Modern American Art," by Walter Pach, is the leading article in the February Craftsman. "The Influence of the West on Modern Japanese Art" is the subject of discussion by Yone Noguchi. Hugo Erichsen writes of the beauty and romance of "A Cloister on the Rhine." An interesting article is on the town of Vandergrift, an industrial settlement owned and governed by the workmen who live in it. The editor contributes a paper, "Building For Health," treating of the sensible and hygienic house plans which are the significant result of the present campaign against disease. "The City of Three Cathedrals," by Alvan F. Sanborn, touches on the secret of the old-world charm of Rouen. A. Tenyson contributes the short story, entitled "Waiter." Among other interesting features of the issue are "The Rational Art of Wilson Eyre," by Frederick Wallick; "How Beauty and Labor Are Intervened in the Daily Life of Japan," by M. L. Wakeman Curtis, and the various contributions to the departments.

Country Life in America for February exploits the changing fashion in show dogs. The article by Charles P. Sawyer is largely illustrated with pictures of the various types of dogs, now in vogue, or of waning popularity. A. W. Dimock offers the third of his series concerning the life of the Canadian woodsman, his article, "The Love of Napoleon and Marie Borriere" being of special interest. "My Domesticated Automobile," the fifth of a series of stories on "The Adventures of a Suburbanite," is contributed by Ellis Parker Butler. Airships and the new sport of flying is written of by Augustus Post, while J. H. Ogden and T. G. Macfie write of "The Automobile," and W. P. Stephens tells of "Power Yachting." Of local interest is J. N. Patterson's sketch of "The Pelican That Was Not Afraid," being the story of a sea bird of Ocean Park, whose temerity made him a great pet. "The Porcupine at Home" is Ernest Thompson Seton's contribution, and other articles by well-known writers are included in the issue.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

It was a curious coincidence that, following the receipt of Robert Grau's entertaining "Fifty Years' Observation of Music and the Drama," to which I referred in last week's "By the Way," reprinting Mr. Grau's deserved tribute to Len Behymer, that this week I should find in the Old Book Shop a copy of Max Maretzek's "Crochets and Quavers," fit predecessor of the Grau reminiscences. Maretzek arrived in New York in 1848, coming from London, where he had been associated with Berlioz in giving English opera. The Astor Place Opera House was then a year old, having been built for the permanent establishment of Italian opera. In a letter to Hector Berlioz at Paris, Maretzek describes the conditions under which "grand opera" flourished in New York at that period, and it is a most amusing account he gives. The general "intendant" was a cidevant bookkeeper in a mercantile house, named Fry, who was at loggerheads with the elder Mr. Bennett of the New York Herald, resulting in caustic criticism of the art which Intendant Fry was trying to promote. Such a quarrel, needless to say, did not prove profitable to the cause of grand opera in New York.

* * *

At that period Boston and Philadelphia shared with the metropolis the honor of being the musical capital; in fact, New Orleans also put in a claim, owing to its permanent French opera company maintained there in the season which, naively notes Maretzek, "was free from yellow fever." Of the incessant "rows" between Fry and his artists, Maretzek tells with ill-concealed delight, for he had a fine European scorn for the transplanted bookkeeper-intendant, whose career as an opera manager soon came to an inglorious close, a ridiculous squabble on the stage with his principal tenor, at the performance of "Norma," hastening his downfall. One of the most amusing descriptions in this rather sarcastic collection of "Crochets and Quavers," is of a benefit performance of "Ernani," at which the tenor Ferrari had stage fright and could not produce a note; the soprano, Fasciotti, overconfident and beautiful, proved to have a saw-edged voice; Taffanelli, the baritone, soothed the immense audience by his excellent acting and singing, but the basso, Castrone, in making his entrance, tumbled over his own sword and rolled into a terrified group of chorus singers; got his spurs entangled in the prima donna's dress, and then fled into the prompter's box, whence he refused to budge. The curtain fell on the first act amid general laughter, far worse for debutantes than hisses. Here is a ludicrous summing up of this disastrous musical farce:

"Ferrari trembled and was inaudible. Fasciotti screamed in a mode that would have rendered her invaluable, in breeches, as a shepherd in the Pyrenees, while the poor Castrone met at every step with some new and unforeseen difficulty. Had he his sword to draw, it stuck in the scabbard. Would he sheath it, he could never find the aperture through which he might pass its point. If he was to enter upon the right side of the stage, and those who were on the scene were looking in that direction, it was morally certain that he would appear behind them. Did they prepare for such a chance, then he might be seen coming on from the right entrance. When he knelt down, some part of his dress was certain to crack; and had he to rush out, sword in hand, he would find all the doors of

the stage closed. Then, after running to all of them in a devil of a hurry, he would with a remarkably Parisian shrug of the shoulders, subside into quietude, and walk coolly off through the wings."

After Fry lost the theater, it passed into the control of James K. Hackett's father, but a war ensuing between those two rival claimants to histrionic honors, Edwin Forrest and Macready, the English tragedian, the latter was hissed off the stage by Forrest's friends. The "Upper Ten," as distinguished from the "Lower Class" of New York, then invited Macready to perform once more, taking the precaution to buy up the theater, thus shutting out the masses. This defiant move provoked the ire of the "regulars" and the evening of the performance, May 10, 1849, a mob of 15,000 surrounded the opera house and attempted to storm it. The police guard provided was not strong enough to resist so overwhelming a force, and the militia was called out. Unsuccessful in its efforts to preserve the peace and save the building, the order to fire was given with many fatal results. The play came to a sudden end, Macready fled the theater in dismay, and the opera house was transformed into a temporary morgue for the dead and hospital for the wounded. Next day Max Maretzek was appointed manager of the theater, which had been rechristened by the populace, "Massacre Place" opera house.

* * *

Max's reminiscences are in the form of letters to musical friends abroad. Following the one to Berlioz is a second to Florentino of Paris, in which the New York manners and customs, fashions and fashionables are discussed in a lively, whimsical way, with just a suggestion of sneering sarcasm. Of the femme comme il faut noted in New York, he finds she lacks the physical consistency and solidity, as well as the artlessness of Albion's daughters. In revenge for this she exhibits all the ease and grace, while she possesses all the consummate taste and elegance of the Parisian dame from the Fauborgs St. Germain or St. Honore. Rather infatuated in favor of the artist or author than enthusiastic in her love of art or literature—"imprudent in the first place, afterward reflecting—she is deliciously coquettish at all times and in all places," with sound common sense in all questions which the heart does not touch and at the same time a natural appreciation for the really grand and beautiful.

* * *

Four successful opera seasons were managed by Maretzek in New York, but the fifth was a failure. There is no doubt that Max proved a good impresario. He it was who first introduced Ole Bull to the American public. As a rule the press treated him kindly, but he seems to have earned the enmity of N. P. Willis, then editor of the Home Journal, whom he calls a dapper mosquito, a would-be master of ceremonies, whose highly refined language sought to conceal a paucity of ideas. Maretzek challenged Willis to fight a duel, but it never came off. Of his tricks to gain publicity for his artists, his successes and his failures, his letters tell frankly and with amusing attention to detail, although the impresario is a trifle verbose in his recounting. To those who are privileged to read Robert Grau's reminiscences I would recommend an effort to get hold of his fore-runner's naive "Crochets and Quavers," which have afforded me several hours of genuine amusement. S. T. C.

Play by High School Students

Richard Walton Tully's play of college life, "James Wobberts, Freshman," was presented by the graduating class of the Los Angeles high school last Wednesday night and Thursday afternoon in an unusually capable manner. Under the direction of Willis Marks, the production moved with a deftness that is not a commonplace distinction of amateur performances. The setting was good, and the music offered by the High School Orchestra a highly enjoyable feature. Walter Saint, who essayed the leading role of James Wobberts, was greeted with volleys of laughter for his excellent work, in which he was capably assisted by Chester Crank, Walter Rivers, Watt

Smith, Horace Elder, Marion Wright, Paul Davies, Durno Sheppardson and Le Valley Lund. Margaret Hunt, Madge Philbrick and Ruth Teetzel made pretty girlish pictures in their respective parts, and Frances Chandler and Dorothy Conger essayed the character roles with artistic results.

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An unexpected exhibition of paintings by Mr. W. E. Rollins is being shown in Gallery B, Blanchard Hall. Mr. Rollins is a painter of the desert and its habitats. The artist is both interesting and delightful. His color harmonies are delicate and charming, his drawing choice and careful. In his canvases are found quite a change from the crude and hard copyists of nature usually exhibited in the galleries here. His paint is perhaps a little dry, and, in instances, more resembles pastel than oil colors. This, however, is hardly a fault, and is much to be preferred to the juicy and extremely heavily loaded paint to which we have here grown accustomed.

There is no catalogue of the exhibition, and for that reason it is a little difficult to describe Mr. Rollins' pictures in detail. One of the best paintings is that of an old Indian, standing in a rather thoughtful attitude, against a background of the most delicate yellow-grey, with just two shadows of his legs reflected on the ground and losing themselves in the frame of the picture. The whole design is simple and the coloring subdued and harmonious. Far different is the canvas depicting an Indian prayer for rain—that of the spirit jar. It shows an Indian squatted on his haunches in one of the kivas. The prayer is held on the shortest day of the year, and the Indian wishes that the sun will turn its course from the south and face to the north again. The figure of the Indian is beautifully drawn, and blends nicely with the background, which is of delicate purples and blues. The frame rather spoils this picture; it should be a great deal more delicate. There is another fairly large canvas showing an old woman making pottery. It is delightful in its harmony.

This painter shows numerous small landscapes of the desert and desert villages, which are all beautifully clean in color. Besides these, he shows a group of Indians playing on native drums. Two pictures of night are extremely delicate in tone, but hardly show the color of night: still, everyone sees night in different colors. This exhibition will continue until February 11.

That excellent copy of Charles the Just, by Van Dyke, recently made by M. Alexandre in Paris, has been sold to the Jonathan Club, while the St. John, after Leonardo da Vinci, has gone to a purchaser from San Diego.

Mr. Joseph Greenbaum has just received a commission for a portrait of Mr. Eldridge Rand, the son of Mrs. Wellington Rand. Besides this, the same painter is about to make a character study of Mr. E. C. Maxwell in his Sioux Indian costume, worn in the Indian dance at the Kirmess.

An exhibition of the McVicker collection of prints was opened in Gallery C at the Blanchard Hall yesterday. This collection has never been shown in its entirety before, and for this reason it offers a study of exceptional interest. It includes several Hogarths, Morelands, Poussins, five Raphael cartoons, several Salvator Rosas and a Claude Lorraine.

Monday, February 14, an exhibition by the well-known painter and decorator, Mr. Deteleff Sammann, will be held at the Blanchard Gallery. Mr. Sammann is noted as the executor of one of the staircases at the congressional library at Washington, done in mosaics and fresco.

Mr. E. C. Maxwell, the curator of the Blanchard Gallery, has been commissioned by Mr. F. I. Campbell, editor of the Chicago Fine Arts Journal, to write a series of six articles on art and artists of the southwest. The first of these articles will appear in the March issue, and they will all be illustrated by photographs of work by western artists. In the February issue, Mr. Maxwell will have an article on art photographs, illustrated by photo-

graphs by Mr. Louis Fleckenstein of Los Angeles and a number of well-known photographers of San Francisco and Chicago.

Mr. Steckel is holding a general exhibit of paintings at his gallery on Broadway. There are a number of M. Jules Pages' very realistic sketches of France and Spain, which have not been seen before in Los Angeles.

W. C. M.

Cerebrations of Byron Kent AS REPORTED BY LUKE NORTH

"Which settles the question of monogamy forever and ever, ahmen!" said Byron Kent, as he laid down a dark green book whose title I noticed to be "The Physical Basis of Civilization."

"Does a book settle anything?" I asked.

"As a drop of cold water settles the grounds in hot coffee, perhaps," he said. "And, anyway, I have decided to 'close a few windows and remain strong to the end.'"

"Which was more than the author of that misquotation succeeded in doing," I observed.

"Mis-quotation! I gave the substance of it. But our moods fail to match today. I want to be generously abstract and you are bent on being picayunishly concrete. If we were husband and wife, it would soon be a case for the divorce courts."

"If I rigorously kept the seventh commandment, being the woman, and religiously permitted you to break it?"

"O, that is never the real reason for divorce—that and desertion are only the technical grounds. Incompatibility of temperament is always the real reason—the fact that the moods of the couple do not coincide."

"Yet, there are people who do not divorce."

"It is either a noun or a transitive verb—you can't say that."

"I have already said it. Your abstract mood is not so very generous. Well, some people remain hitched all their lives," I said. (Kent is more interesting if you can rouse him a little. It was no use.)

"Grammatical, but coarse," he said, rather heavily—and then, musingly, "Alas! yes."

"Their moods coincide—?" I suggested.

"About as often as snow falls in a Southern California valley."

"Your mood is veering to gloomy."

"You suggested the finish of John Davidson. Poor fellow—suicide—saw through too many open windows, embraced too many facets of truth at the same time. And he knew the road he was traversing—you cannot be both strong and free," he sang.

"He is free now." I said it dubiously.

"I am not so sure that suicide gives freedom—or that it doesn't. 'What dreams may come?' O, it's all according, I suppose."

"According to what?" I questioned.

"To the rule of cause and effect, which adjusts everything with such supernatural nicety that there is really no cause to worry, even over suicide. No one has a heavier burden, here or hereafter, than he can carry—or a lighter one."

"John Davidson's case was an over-indulgence of the reasoning faculties" (tentatively).

"True. He had reached the cul de sac in every lane that reason leads to—his essays in 'A Rosary' show it—they move in circles."

"Isn't that the way of reason?"

"And of all external life," said Kent. "Only the circle is a spiral. In that there is hope."

"Which, perhaps, is 'only the subtlest form of cowardice,'" I quoted.

"Did he say that?"

"A single line on the bottom of page 84."

"He was keen. But this circle and the spiral—it harks back to this latest word of biology and anthropology on the subject of monogamy."

"Whose word?"

"Well, the book is by T. W. Heinemann, but it is endorsed by Alfred Russel Wallace and a host of doctors and professors at the inner shrine of science in France, Switzerland, Germany,

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England and America—so it is really their word on a new and original consideration in human life."

"I'll take it if it reasons well," I said "but not on your boasted authority."

Byron Kent has a way of not hearing what he finds it difficult or unpleasant to answer. He exercised it now and proceeded to set forth Mr. Heinemann's argument for original, primitive, human monogamy, which begins with this startling and novel discovery: That in the prehistoric forest, thousands of generations before the advent of the monkey, there appeared two slight anatomical variations from the quadrumanus—a change in the entocuneiform bone which produced the big toe and a shifting of the occipital foramen magnum, so that the head could turn without twisting the backbone. These variations induced the upright attitude and produced a new type that was to become human.

That is startling, but hardly monogamous," I interrupted.

"Let the ways of natural selection teach you patience," said Kent. "Now, listen: This upright attitude was a serious matter for the nascent genus homo. It suddenly exposed his vital organs that had been naturally selected during thousands of generations for the position on all fours, and at least hundreds of generations must again elapse before his muscles, bones, viscera, etc., could become thoroughly adapted to the new position. Ergo, primitive man was a helpless, hunted creature, hiding himself in recesses and caves, and only by the miracle of dawning intelligence enforced and made possible by the upright attitude, did he escape utter extinction during that long, long period which must have elapsed before he learned the use of missile and club."

"There were centuries and centuries when the genus homo was utterly defenseless against all the animals of the forest. His only possible safety was in eluding his carnivorous enemies. He could neither flee nor fight, and when hunger drove him from his secret retreat, he more often became food than gained it."

"But, still, we haven't reached monogamy," I suggested.

"We are close. Can't you imagine that under such conditions monogamic relations were the only ones possible, the only ones by which the type could be preserved. The clan, the tribe, the horde was a much later development. When gregariousness became possible, brute-man had already learned to use fire and to arm himself. Then, it may have been, says Mr. Heinemann, that an era of promiscuity between the sexes began, or even a state of polandry, since the male's sole occupation now was fighting—the primitive family life was broken, and, perchance, the females greatly outnumbered the males for a period. I can't give you all the data of the book, of course, and certain of its biological conclusions are impossible for popular talk, but this book makes out the strongest case yet presented for primitive monogamy. The institution of the family fixed itself on man before he learned to throw a stone. But even prior to this, the author shows, was man's devotion to woman. And that devotion was not entirely controlled by sex attraction. It was the dawning of altruism. His data is conclusive on these points, and his reasoning unanswerable."

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"But a primitive condition may not be continuous."

"It continues whenever and so long as it remains of survival value to the type. And it keeps on persisting so long as there is a possible chance for it to express itself. The type always reverts to primitive conditions the moment the opposite pressure is removed."

"So we come by our ideas of monogamy honestly," I said.

"It is the basic factor in the preservation of our type," said Kent, "and it will die hard—if it does die."

Science Lecture by Miss Brookins

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of this city has called Miss Mary E. Brookins of Minneapolis to deliver two public lectures on Christian Science, the first to be held Sunday afternoon, February 6, at 3 o'clock, and the second Monday evening, February 7, at 8 o'clock. Both lectures will be given in the new church edifice recently opened by Second Church of Christ, Scientist, at Adams and Hoover streets. Miss Brookins, who was for a number of years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, was a student in the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and has been engaged in practicing and teaching Christian Science ever since. She served seven years as First Reader in First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Minneapolis, and in 1903 was appointed a member of the Christian Science board of lecturership.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Madame Schumann-Heink's recitals were complete from all aspects. The glorious voice, of which the singer is absolute master, was as noble, as fervently beautiful, as ever, the programs gigantic, including four big arias, six German songs, five songs in English (four of them by Americans), and another aria, the prison scene from the "Prophet" (Meyerbeer), at the first recital. In one respect Mme. Schumann-Heink differs from other singers: she can interpret the simplest ballad, oratorio or the greatest of the dramatic operatic arias, and the same great artist stands out in all. She accomplishes with ease and legitimately what others before the public are obliged to resort to mannerisms to effect. Astonishment and admiration were called forth by the excellent English of the singer. Mme. Hoffman gave notable assistance as accompanist, and proved herself to be a superior pianist.

Mozart and Grieg are especially represented on the next Symphony Orchestra program, Friday afternoon, Feb. 11. These names together, at first thought, seem incongruous, but study of Grieg will show that Mozart was his favorite composer. In his article on Mozart may be found: "When Gretchen asks Faust, 'Do you believe in God?' he answers, 'Who dares name him who confess him?' In these profound words of Goethe I (Grieg) would express my feelings toward Mozart. Where he is greatest he embraces all times. What if this or that generation be sufficiently blase to desire to overlook him? Beauty is eternal, and the edicts of fashion can obscure it only for a moment. In Bach, Beethoven and Wagner we admire principally the depth and energy of the human mind; in Mozart, the divine instinct. Many of us have in our early youth loved—nay, worshiped—Mozart, but afterward we ate of the fruit of modern knowledge, an indulgence which, like that in the garden of Eden, drove us from our paradise. Some of us, luckily, avoided a complete surfeit, and found the way back. I frankly confess that I, too, suffered this change: I loved Mozart, then, for a time, lost him, but found him again, nevermore to lose him." So we see how fitting to combine these two composers in this program. Mozart's E flat symphony, of which Grieg writes: "Just before the first allegro in the introduction, we come upon harmonic combinations of unprecedented boldness," will be played. The four symphonic dances on Norwegian themes, by Grieg, and his great piano concerto, played by Mme. Carreno, complete this program, and the introduction to the opera "William Radcliffe" (Mascagni) opens it.

Carreno was once playing the Grieg concerto at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, it was at the rehearsal, and at the close a modest little man went up to the piano and said to the great pianist, "I am Grieg." Carreno tells the story, and says she was so overcome that she could say nothing but "Ja." Madame Carreno will give her recital Monday evening, February 7, at Simpson Auditorium. This great artist is a general favorite here and her appearance is looked for with interest. The program is:

Sonata op. 53, C major (Beethoven); Grande Fantasia, op. 49, F minor, Etude op. 10, No. 5, G flat major, Etude op. 25, No. 1, A flat major, Etude op. 10, No. 7, C major, Nocturne op. 15, No. 2, F sharp major, Polonaise op. 53, A flat major (Chopin); Nachtstück, op. 23, No. 3, D flat major (Schumann); Si oiseau j'étais (Henriette); Etude concert D flat major (Agathe Greenhill); Intermezzo en Octaves (Leschetizky); Romanza and Recitative (Wagner-Liszt); Etude de Concert, op. 23, C major (Rubinstein); Consolation Romanza, op. 40, No. 2 (Leschetizky); Faust Fantasia (Liszt).

A few years ago Mme. Carreno played a new concerto by d'Albert before the Berlin musical public. A critic afterward aptly wrote that Mme. Carreno gave the first rendition of the second concerto of her third husband. Alsop's Magazine gave a clever interview with Carreno not long ago,

in which sounds of a Bach invention, practiced by unwilling fingers and a mind far away, were heard. The player, who presently entered, was her daughter, Eugenia, by the marriage with d'Albert, the composer-pianist. "And to think," said Madame Carreno, with a pretense of injured feelings, "to think that you are the daughter of two persons supposed to be pianists." A son of Madame Carreno is studying voice in Rome, giving promise as a baritone, and Teresita is her mother's chief aid in teaching at their Berlin home.

February 11, at the Auditorium, Madame Schumann-Heink will give one more recital, and oratorio selec-



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

tions are promised with the accompaniment of the pipe organ. The program follows:

Mitane Aria (Rossi, 1838), (sung in Italian); Sapho Aria (Chas. Gounod), (sung in French); Mignon Aria (Ambrose Thomas); Aria from "Samson and Delilah" (Saint-Saens); Ich liebe Dich, Neue Liebe, neues Leben (Beethoven); Die junge Nonne, Wolin (by request), Der Erlkönig (by request) (Schubert); Gute Nacht, Im Herbst (Robert Franz); Sechs ungarische Zigeunerlieder (John Brahms); Vater Nuser (Carl Krebe); Sei Still (J. Raff); Aria from "Elijah" (Mendelssohn), with organ accompaniment.

Olga Steeb is still winning many successes. The last Musical Courier contains more news written by Mr. Abell from Berlin:

Olga Steeb, the remarkable young pianist from Los Angeles, whose successful debut I recently wrote about, has been engaged by Fritz Steinbach to appear as soloist at a concert of the "Musikgesellschaft," to be conducted by him, at Cologne. He heard her play in private during his recent stay in this city and was so much impressed with her unusual gifts that he even changed the program, which had already been made up, in order to make room for her. She will play the MacDowell concerto and also numbers by Bach and Liszt. She is not only to be paid for her appearance, but Steinbach even pays her hotel bills for herself and mother for four days; that is a very unusual thing in Germany.

Berlin ought to begin to realize that from a musical standpoint Los Angeles exists. Another Los Angeles girl made a success there in a piano recital. She is Enid Brandt, and from the newspaper accounts made good, notwithstanding she is but seventeen.

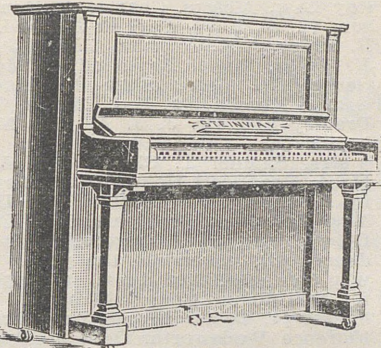
The Choral Club of the First Congregational church, Mr. W. H. Lott, director, has begun rehearsals on the "Elijah" by Mendelssohn. The chorus has been augmented to seventy-five voices already, and the aim is to have more than a hundred voices before many more rehearsals.

Strauss' "Elektra" was given its premiere in the United States last Tuesday evening in New York City. More later.

It is probable that Dr. Wullner will return to the Pacific coast for more recitals in May.

One hears criticism occasionally that the papers, and, especially, the weekly papers, give little attention to local musical affairs. The truth is, there has

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never been a season in many years when local artists and their endeavors were so completely overshadowed as they are this season. One reason is that many have concentrated their efforts on the Symphony Orchestra, which is commendable, and another is the alluring famous artists' visits that no musician or music lover should miss. Hence, the local situation suffers temporarily, but it will not be long before Los Angeles is big enough and public-spirited enough to support local concerts as well as those by foreign artists.

Boston Opera Company, while on its recent visit to Chicago, closed the engagement with a \$16,000 audience.

Mr. Harrison Williams, the pianist, will accompany Mr. Haroldi on his Arizona concert tour, to begin soon.

Mrs. Edmund S. Shank is doing splendid work in the "Wizard of the Nile," with Ferris Hartman's company, according to the general report.

The talented pupil of Arnold Krauss, Ralph Ginsburg, violinist, will give a recital February 17, at Simpson Auditorium.

The advanced pupils of Signor Buzzi will give a program which will be in the nature of a benefit to one of the number, Rachel Gonzales, at Symphony Hall, Thursday evening, February 10.

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By Ruth Burke

Auxiliary to the dramatic features of the big Kirmess are the innumerable society affairs, box parties, suppers and similar entertainments which the society folk are giving for their friends and the participants in the big charity affair. Chaperones of the various dances gave delightful dinner parties for the young men and women taking part in the Kirmess, prior to the opening night. This week there has been a merry round of box parties, followed by supper or preceded by dinner gatherings, and the whole has served to supplement the Kirmess entertainment and make the week a memorable one in the annals of society. The young men and women of the Four Seasons dance were guests last week of their chaperones, Mrs. George Goldsmith, Mrs. J. L. Bannister, Mrs. Louis N. Cole, Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald and Mrs. John Newton Russell, at a dinner at Hotel Alexandria. Mrs. T. J. Fleming was a hostess to the young men and women who are taking part in the Scotch dance, of which she is in charge as chaperone. Mrs. William May Garland, chaperone of the Irish dance, also entertained for the young people in her section, and other delightful affairs were given in the rehearsal period, serving as a stimulus to the work and imparting a social trend to the entertainment. Today, following the matinee, the young folk participating in the Kirmess will dine at the California Club, as guests of, or under the chaperonage of the society women who are in charge of the dances. Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, Mrs. John G. Mott, Mrs. Hamilton Rollins, Mrs. Willard H. Stimson, Mrs. Frank J. Thomas and Mrs. Walter J. Trask, chaperones of the Scotch dance, will be hostesses at one of the dinner parties, their guests including:

Misses Edythe K. Bryant, Rita C. Morris, Margaret Fleming, Genevieve Wilcox, Sallie Hilliard Polk, Margaret Louise McMillan, Virginia Elizabeth Walsh, Louise Fleming, Caroline Canfield, Charlotte Wadsworth, Mercedes de Luna, Kathleen H. Spring and Maude Morgan; Messrs. Hamilton B. Rollins, Jr., George Caswell, John Garner, Nelson E. Crandall, Harrell J. Harrell, Arthur J. Gillett, Gabriel Duque, Marcus McL. Marshall, R. E. Ward, Hilliard MacGowan, Arden L. Day, Wavery E. Waggoner and Sheldon Balingier.

Chaperones of the Irish dance, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. J. E. Cook, Mrs. Rea E. Smith and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor, will have as their guests, at another table, the following young people, who are presenting their dance:

Misses Caroline Trask, Marjory E. Utey, Gladys Letts, Edna Letts, Gertrude King, Virginia Garner, Florence B. Wood, Mrs. Chester A. Montgomery, Mrs. Rea E. Smith, Mrs. William S. Hook, Jr.; Messrs. Arthur A. Dodsworth, Maynard McFie, Bruce McNeil, Arthur L. Bobrick, Andrew J. Mullen, J. Kingsley Macomber, Arthur W. Bumiller, Fred B. Stamm, Warren Gillelen, Karel Hugo Visscher, Henry Daly and Eddie Perkins.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. L. N. Brunswig, Mrs. Kate Vosburg and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, in charge of the Fluffy Ruffles dances, will entertain their young people, who include:

Misses Harriet Severance, Emma Conroy, Madeleine King, Marjorie Severance, Florence Brown, Lucille Gage, Francesca Brodrick, Lucy Sanders, Anita Brodrick, Jane B. Rollins; Messrs. Stuart Salisbury, Eltinge Brown, Kenneth Moore, James Page, James S. Utey, Robert Elmore, Paul Grimm, Morgan Adams, Reynolds Sanders and Walter Brunswig.

The young people of the Spanish dance will occupy another table under the chaperonage of Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. John T. Jones, Mrs. Henry Van der Leek and Mrs. Willard Doran. In this party will be found:

Misses Olive Babette Erdt, Marguerite Rimpau, Virginia Nourse, Barbara

Burkhalter, Mary Burnham, Clarisse Stevens, Florence Helen Clark, Mary Frances Lindley, May Ridgeway, Marie Stockard, Lottita M. Corrello, Mrs. J. A. Van Kaathoven and Mrs. Carrie Fay Law; Messrs. Charles A. Henderson, H. W. Reed, Earl R. Holland, W. R. Millar, J. R. Coffman, Harold Janss, J. Walter Kays, Raymond C. Moore, George H. Reed, Philo L. Lindley, George Mossbacher, L. J. Marsh, G. C. Bradley and Dr. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven.

Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Miss Caroline Van Dyke, Mrs. Horace B. Wing and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, who have charge of the Indian dance, will chaperone the young folk who are assisting them, and plates for this dinner party will be laid for: Misses M. Louise Freese, Kate Freese, Florence Wadsworth, Dora D. Rogers, Rowena Newton, Lilly M. Olshausen, Rae Belle Morlan, Romaine Poindexter, Agnes Helen Whittaker, Mary Boynton, Helen Parker and Hazel Eva Parker; Messrs. Edwin A. de Voss, Nelson C. Lally, Fred L. Letten, William Theodore Behr, Everett C. Maxwell, Fred E. Weller, Roy F. Allen, Norman H. Bradshaw, Thomas Bradley, Charles J. Sutton, Charles A. Rogers, Edgar K. Brown, Hilario Pino, from the Indian Crafts Exhibition, and Mr. Harry Clifford Lott and Mr. S. T. Clover.

Another dinner party, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Mrs. Henry McKee and Mrs. Hugh F. Stewart will be that of the young people of the Marsovian dance, comprising:

Misses Jeanette Garner, Annis Van Nuys, Katherine Graves, Marie Bobrick, Ella Gardner, Helen Newlin, Marybelle Peyton, Mamie Packard, Nora Forthman and Rose Zobelein; Messrs. J. C. Macfarland, Gurney Newlin, W. Norris Bucklin, Jr., Alfred Wright, W. G. Van Pelt, Kurt J. Koebig, Roy Naftzger, Clarence A. Fitzhenry, Clyde C. Wallace and Carleton R. Bainbridge.

Mrs. Jules Kaufman, Mrs. Maurice Hellman, Mrs. Max Isaac, Mrs. John Kahn and Mrs. Alfred Sterns, in charge of the Tarantella dance, will chaperone the following of their assistants at dinner:

Misses Beatrice Goldbaum, Freda Goldsmith, Gladys Elaine McMurray, Nettie Krakauer, Rose Cohn, Hazel Beatus, Grace Moakley; Messrs. Edward J. Ferrario, George J. Germain, Herbert J. Green, Earl V. Cheney, Berto A. Goldsmith, Ivan B. Kahn and Mr. Duke.

Under the chaperonage of Mrs. George Goldsmith, Mrs. J. L. Bannister, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. John Newton Russell, Mrs. Stoddard Jess and Mrs. Louis N. Cole, the following young folk of the Four Seasons dance will form still another dinner party:

Misses Sophie Dinkelspiel, Katherine Smith, Josephine A. Seaman, Edna Irene Landers, Dorothy F. Simpson, Irma Polaski, Frances Newmark, Hazel Mayer, Frances R. Whitesell, Ethelyn E. Carson, June Eskey, Gladys MacDonald, Mildred Baer, Rhea Cashman, Berenice Marcher, Florence Norton, Martha Levy, Lelia A. Coulter, Henrietta Acker, Jennie Hartman, Rose Hoffman, Lucy Brodrick, Rose Germain and Mrs. Alfred W. Allen.

Another of the group of dinner parties will be the participants in the Polo dance, chaperoned by Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall, Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. James G. Porter and Mrs. Jay H. Utey. Places will be set for Misses Alice Rooney, Leola Allen, Florence Pollard, Elizabeth Wood, Ethelyn Dulin, Ethel Shaw, Mollie Adelia Brown, Anna Andrews, Messrs. Cloyd Lott, Ervin Armstrong, Edmund S. Ames, Paul Bucklin, Alan Morphy, Edwin S. Wilkinson, Carroll Stilson and Dr. Edwin Janss.

Box parties and supper parties were a delightful feature. Wednesday evening's hosts and hostesses included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, whose guests were Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Miss Jane Kyle, Major De Frees and Mr. Jack Sommers. Col. and Mrs. William May Garland had as guests in their loge, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint and Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran. Mrs. Kate Vosburg's party included Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. H. L. Hyatt, Miss Cameron Leonard, Miss Dorothy Leonard and Miss Margaret Hughes. Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant had as guests in their box,

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and Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswig. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Bannister.

This evening also will be a popular one for box parties, and any number of suppers will be given following the entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell are among those who will be host and hostess, their guests including six friends, and Lieutenant General and Mrs. Chaffee will entertain a party of five guests.

Miss Juana Creighton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Creighton of 2625 Ellendale place, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Charles E. Kettenbach of Brooklyn, N. Y., the ceremony being celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. Bishop Joseph H. Johnson officiated, and the wedding was attended by about one hundred and fifty guests. During the service, the double ring form of the Episcopal church, the bridal couple stood before an altar of white sweet peas and carnations, over which had been erected a pergola of ferns. The chandelier was concealed by an umbrella of white tulle, from which fell a shower of white blossoms. Ferns and pepper boughs formed a frieze and foliage, intermingled with white blossoms were clustered about the room. The illumination was provided by wax candles. The bride, who was given away by her father, was an attractive picture in her bridal robes.

Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Miss Palmer of Oakland and Mr. Joseph Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Stimson's guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Shull and Miss Shull of Minneapolis, and Mrs. R. J. Waters. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellam of Pasadena had in their box, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ford, Miss Marie Campbell of New York and Mr. William P. Reid. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff occupied a loge and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Eshman and Miss Eshman.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Miss Newhall and Mr. Will Wolters. Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys entertained a number of guests in their box, including Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. George Ennis and Gen. W. H. Sherman. Another party was that of which Mr. James Slauson was host. His guests included Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor. Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan had as their guests their little daughter, Eleanor, Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, Mrs. Mary A. Briggs and Mr. Edmund Ames. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves had with them Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ford Stewart and Mr. Karl Klokke.

Former Governor and Mrs. Gage entertained as their guests Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand, Miss Lillian Rand, Mr. Elbridge Rand, Mr. Charles Rand and Mr. Frank Gage. A group of young folk occupying one of the boxes was composed of Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Phila Milbank, Miss Katherine Clark, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Mr. Archie Barnard, Mr. Nat Head, Mr. Chester Moore and Mr. Gurney Newlin. Mrs. Mary J. Schallert entertained Mr. and Mrs. Seth Marshall, Dr. Burkelman and Mr. Edwin S. Schallert. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Hewlett of Pasadena had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hewlett, Miss Genevieve Fore and Mr. Van Dyke. Mr. George Ennis was host to Mr. and Mrs. Cosmos Morgan, Miss Alice Rooney, Miss Shaw, Miss Heller and Mr. Charles Seyler, Jr.

In Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl's box were Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning

Her gown was of embroidered marquisette, trimmed elaborately with lace and seed pearls. It was made with elbow sleeves and the bodice cut high at the neck, while the skirt was on train. Her jewels consisted of a pearl and diamond lavalliere, the gift of the bridegroom, and a handsome pearl brooch, the gift of her aunt, Mrs. A. H. Levy. A wreath of orange blossoms held the bridal veil of white tulle, and the bride's bouquet was of white sweet peas and orange blossoms. Miss Carmelita Rosecrans was maid of honor. Her gown was of white lace, made over pompadour silk, and she carried a shower bouquet of maidenhair ferns. Mrs. William Elliot Selbie was matron of honor, her gown being of white chiffon, flowered in pink, and she carried maidenhair ferns. The bridesmaids were Misses Rose Lippincott, Irene Lowe, Alice Smith and Nora Sterry, who were attired alike in gowns of white chiffon, embroidered in pink. They also carried bouquets of maidenhair ferns. Mr. T. Fenton Knight was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Jack Knight, Frank Kegley, Rey Rule, W. L. Creighton, Jr., Will Rosecrans and Neal Creighton. Little Misses Juana and Francesca Neal, cousins of the bride, wearing dainty frocks of white lingerie, carried the ribbons to form an aisle to the altar, and Master Beveridge carried a flower bell. Mrs. Levy played the wedding music. Just before the wedding procession descended the stairs, Miss Rosecrans sang a solo from the balcony above. An orchestra played the chime song from "Robin Hood." Supper followed the service. Mr. and Mrs. Kattenbach, after a short trip and a few days' visit here, will leave for Brooklyn to make their future home. The young bride will be missed from a large circle of friends, among whom she has been a favorite.

Friends here are interested in the announcement made of the approaching marriage of Miss Alice Jones, daughter of former United States Senator John P. Jones of Santa Monica, to Mr. Frederick Macmonnies, a sculptor of international fame. The ceremony will be celebrated in Rome, Italy, within the next two weeks, the date to be set upon the arrival in Rome of Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Georgina Jones of Miramar, Santa Monica, the mother and sister of Miss Jones, who sailed from New York, January 22 on the Carmania and were due to arrive in Naples this week. There they were to be met by Miss Alice Jones and accompanied by her to Rome, where the wedding will take place. Miss Jones, who has passed the last ten years or so in the study of art abroad, was for several years a pupil of Mr. Macmonnies. The latter's former wife, from whom he was divorced nearly two years ago, was married recently to Mr. Will H. Low, the mural painter. Mr. Macmonnies is a Brooklyn man, whose work stamps him as a great artist.

One of the most notable of the present weddings will be that of Miss Gwendolen Overton, daughter of the late Capt. Gilbert E. Overton of this city, to Mr. Melville Wilkinson, son of Maj. Melville C. Wilkinson. The ceremony, which will be attended only by the members of the two families, will be celebrated Thursday noon, February 10, at St. Paul's pro-cathedral. The bride will wear her going-away gown and will be unattended. Immediately after the ceremony the couple will leave for their future home in Fort Rosecrans, where Mr. Wilkinson, who is attached to the United States engineering office, is stationed. Until her marriage Miss Overton will be a guest at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton, of West Twenty-third street. Miss Overton, aside from her prominent family connections, has won a distinguished name for herself in the field of literature, being the author of several successful novels and a regular contributor of short stories to the leading publications of the country.

Among the prominent society folk who have entertained recently at Hotel Alexandria are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori, who were host and hostess Monday evening at a supper for fourteen guests. Violets were used in the table decoration. Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant entertained that same evening with a supper for twelve, their decorations being of sweet peas. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell had eight

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Pessimism is the overcrowded pathway that leads to despair and is always filled with a conglomerate mass of grumbling, grunting diseased earthly off-scourings doomed to a life of self disappointment and always a source of misery to those with whom they come in contact.

Do not forget to chew your food and be careful of the combinations. Man makes all kinds of foods, and does not need to be particular, but food makes the man and great care is needed in the making.

The skin should be beautiful in texture, soft and velvety to the touch. When otherwise, it is abnormal. Unhealthy complexions or eruptions of any form are simply nature's effort to eliminate poisons. This condition also denotes that the proper eliminating organs are diseased or one would not have this poison. The kidneys and bowels are not performing their normal functions. These organs are controlled by nerves, and any abnormality denotes that the nerves are involved. Therefore, by creating first a normal flow of nerve impulse to the kidneys and bowels, these organs will be able to eliminate the poison without calling upon the skin to do more than is required. When the nerves which control the excretory organs are normal, the beautiful complexion will be the result.

guests at supper Wednesday evening, the table decorations being of red roses. Col. and Mrs. William May Garland on the same evening were host and hostess to six guests. Mrs. Meyer Lissner was hostess at a tea given in the main dining room of the hotel Wednesday; violets were used in the decoration, and places were set for nine guests. Mrs. Hart entertained eleven guests at luncheon Thursday at the hotel. Carnations were used on the table. Miss Clara Leonardt was hostess Thursday at a luncheon given in compliment to Miss Therese Murphy of San Francisco. Carnations were arranged in attractive manner on the table and covers were laid for eighteen. Many other well-known society people entertained with dinner and supper parties there this week, the greater number of the affairs being given in connection with box parties at the Kirmess.

At a handsomely appointed luncheon given last Friday by Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester place, formal announcement was made of the betrothal of Miss Kate Smith of Pasadena to Mr. Anson Lisk, also of the Crown City. The decorations were particularly attractive, and the announcement was made in a novel manner, the guests drawing cards from a huge imitation pie, which formed the centerpiece of the table. Besides the bride-elect and hostess, plates were laid for Meses. J. D. Timmons, W. H. Smith, John Milner, J. Crampton Anderson, A. B. McCutcheon, Max Chapman, F. C. Fairbanks, George Fussenot, J. H. W. Myers, Charles F. Noyes; Misses Clara Leonardt, Mary Belle Peyton, Elizabeth Scott of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lucy Smith, Alice Earley and Ovina Lisk. Miss Smith, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Smith, is one of the popular members of the society set of Pasadena and Los Angeles. Date for her marriage to Mr. Lisk has been set for March 26, and the ceremony will be celebrated at the home of her parents.

While the Kirmess has been consuming much attention from the society folk, preparations have been making for the second of the subscription dances to be given at the assembly rooms Monday evening. This, a Mardi Gras ball, will be a fancy dress affair, and will be one of the most delightful of the season's functions.

Of interest to many friends was the wedding, Wednesday evening, of Mrs. Ethel Satterlee Bennett and Mr. Bert J. Thompson of Forest City, Iowa. The ceremony took place in the evening at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Dwight Satterlee of 912 South Burlington avenue, Rev. Warren F. Day officiating. The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin, veiled



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with Duchesse lace over silver net, and carried a cluster of cyclamen lilies. Her little daughter, Wilma Bennett, in a dainty white frock with pink bows, carried a basket of flowers. Miss Alice Tobey was maid of honor, and the ribbon bearers were Miss Mary Currier and Miss Wynette Bailey. Mr. Harry Thompson, brother of the groom, was best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. Ned Currier and Dr. H. G. Rosenberg of Whittier. Almond blossoms and ferns were used in the house decoration. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will make their home in Forest City, Iowa, where the former is a prominent attorney. They will tour Southern California before leaving for their future home.

Members of the Woman's Press Club of Southern California will enjoy an exceedingly interesting and profitable meeting next Tuesday afternoon at the Alexandria Hotel. Dr. Dorothea Moore will be the principal speaker, and her topic will be "The Book and the Reader." Mr. Willard H. Wright will speak on "The Book and the Critic." A large attendance of members and their friends is expected, and following the program a reception will be given from 4 to 5 o'clock to meet Dr. Moore and Mr. Willard.

Commander and Mrs. Edwards of H. B. M. Ship Algerine, who are sojourning at Del Monte, entertained Captain Reed at dinner Saturday last. They were the guests of Captain Reed at a tea given at Pebble Beach Lodge and attended the hop at the Presidio Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Houghton of this city, the latter formerly Miss Kerckhoff, have been passing a part of their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Among the recent arrivals at Del Monte who are making extended stays are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thatcher of New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Walsh of Oakland, Mr. R. Greenwood of Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Metzgar of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rosenwald of Las Vegas, N. M., Mr. A. W. Tidmarsh of Seattle, Mr. A. Rintoul and daughter of London, and Mrs. J. M. Kilkeson and Miss Cohegan of St. Louis.

Mrs. George C. Miller of Hobart boulevard was hostess yesterday at a luncheon of thirty-two covers. She was assisted by Mrs. C. E. Wilson of Kansas City, Mo., who is her guest for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White have moved from their home on Ingraham street and have taken apartments at the Fairmont on West Seventh street.

President E. P. Ripley of the Santa F. railroad, with Mrs. Ripley, has been at Hotel del Coronado for a short stay. Other railroad officials and assistants who registered recently at the hotel were Mr. A. G. Wells, general manager of the Santa Fe lines west of Albuquerque; Mr. A. G. Beaman, secretary to Mr. Wells; Mr. W. G.

Barnwell, general freight agent of Santa Fe's western division; Mr. F. M. Byron of the New York Central lines in Los Angeles, and Mr. A. A. Polhemus of the Canadian Pacific railroad, accompanied by Mr. M. A. Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham registered at the Coronado recently with Mr. William Randolph Hearst and party. Other guests at the hotel included Mr. Harry D. Lombard, Miss Caverly, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. John O. Davis, Mr. John Willis Baer, president of Occidental College, Mr. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kelso, Mr. C. D. Richards, Mr. A. M. Prosser, Mr. T. P. Robertson, Mr. M. F. Henderson, Mr. E. P. Conway, Mr. M. E. Diebold, Miss Ida Gregory, Mrs. G. A. Booges, accompanied by Mrs. A. F. Considine of Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Gibson.

Word to friends here from Mrs. Frank R. Burnett, who is visiting in the east during the attendance of her daughter, Miss Mildred Burnett, at the Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C., tells of the delightful holiday season they enjoyed among eastern relatives and friends. Miss Mildred was especially feted in an informal way. Her aunt, Mrs. N. O. Williams, gave a dance for her, and the young men attending were fraternity brothers of her cousins, home from Yale, Princeton, Cornell, West Point, University of Pennsylvania and the University of Virginia, while the young women included friends in the eastern city and Miss Burnett's classmates at Mount Vernon Seminary. Together they enjoyed a merry round of dances, theater parties, teas, card parties and one special feature was a motoring party in a blizzard.

Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice of Wilshire boulevard will be hostess at a handsomely appointed bridge luncheon to be given at her home Thursday, February 10. Seats will be placed for twenty.

Mrs. Charles L. Hubbard and Mrs. Frank A. Bowles have issued invitations for a reception to be given at the home of the latter on Arapahoe street the afternoon of February 11.

Mrs. Albert J. Sherer of Arapahoe street has issued cards for a bridge party, at which she will be hostess, Thursday afternoon, February 10.

Golf and tennis are engaging the attention of lovers of outdoor sports at Coronado, where the sixth annual tournament for the men's golf championship of the Coronado Country Club began Monday morning, January 31. Twenty-nine entered the qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal play; the lowest score (one lower than bogey) being returned by Mr. Alvin B. Daniels of Denver and Coronado, who was runner-up in 1907 and cham-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Dr. L. L. Denny, Broadway Central Building, Office hours, 11 to 3. F3435.



That old favorite, William H. Crane, in a snug-fitting character supplied by George Ade, is entertaining delighted audiences at the Mason this week in the medium, "Father and the Boys," a four-act play of light import, but merry humor. Father is Lemuel Morewood, a New York wool broker, whose two sons devote so much of their time to frivolity, each pursuing his bent, that they neglect the business in which their hard-working sire has given them an interest. To counteract this tendency and so teach them a lesson they will remember, Morewood, senior, a widower, outdoes his boys in gay pursuits, the climax coming when he leaves hurriedly for the Goldfield district with a fair westerner, who has apparently enslaved him. Really, it is only a fatherly interest he has in Bessie Brayton, spiritedly portrayed by Margaret Dale, but the boys are properly perturbed, and, taking with them the two girls their parent fondly hopes they will marry, with the family lawyer for chaperon, they set out for the camp in search of the runaway. How they find him, engaged in the innocent occupation of restoring to an orphan girl her fortune and her lover, and how their own follies are revealed form the story told in George Ade's lively manner, and abounding in bright lines and laughable situations. After the gloomy picture presented by Mrs. Leslie Carter, the week previous, it comes as a blessed relief.

Mr. Crane has lost none of the whimsical charm of manner that was wont to please his audiences twenty-five years ago. His mobile features are as spontaneously expressive as of yore, and his voice is still mellow and with nice shading. Miss Dale has a comic opera part to interpret, which is not to be taken seriously, and since no one does, the actress least of all, why carp at it? The two boys are only fairly well done by Forrest Orr and Sidney Blair, who represent William Rufus and Thomas Jefferson Morewood, respectively. Mr. Orr's articulation is thick and hurried. He is a pronounced brunette. Mr. Blair, on the contrary, is of the Norsk type, rather spindling, with light hair and the sharp, pointed nose so characteristic of the Scandinavian race. Not by the wildest stretch of imagination can these two be harmonized in the mind as brothers. This is a glaring fault that should be remedied, as the verisimilitudes ought to be observed, and it should not be a difficult matter to engage two young men to essay these characters having at least a remote resemblance to each other. Mr. Blair is supposed to represent an athletic youngster; he doesn't look the part. Louis Massen is the "bad" man of the play, but as his victims do not take him seriously, neither does the audience. Major Bellamy Didsworth, in fact, also savors of the comic opera type of villain. The minor roles are passably well filled by a mediocre supporting company, but even if a determined effort were made to damn the play by an enfeebled cast it were not possible with Mr. Crane and Miss Dale as foils. S. T. C.

"Man of the Hour" at the Belasco
George Broadhurst must have been edified to no small degree last Monday night, when, after the third act of a spirited production of his splendid play, "The Man of the Hour," at the Belasco, the house resounded with calls for the author until he responded with a happy, humorous little acknowledgment. Several weeks ago this American drama was given a production at the syndicate house that must have made the gallery gods weep, and the excellent presentation at the Belasco was doubly interesting by contrast. Comparisons may be odious, but they are inevitable. A better sustained, more gripping piece of work than Lewis Stone's conception of the role of Alwyn Bennett has never endowed that role. Mr. Stone's nice perception of every opportunity for forceful work, his fine shading and keen insight were never better displayed. Another excellent piece of work, and one that swept the audience off its feet, was the portrait of Henry Garrison, alias Thomp-

son, which Richard Vivian offered. In his big denunciation scene of the last act Vivian scored a triumph which permeated the audience so thoroughly that the action of the play was retarded for several minutes by the applause. The newcomer, James Corrigan, was not always convincing, although, on the whole, his performance was brilliant, if somewhat erratic. A tendency to let his jaw droop vacuously detracted greatly from the artistic effect. If a theater-goer were witnessing the play for the first time, doubtless, William Yerance's "James Phelan" would have a great appeal, but to those who have seen actors better suited to the part, Yerance's characterization was not an unalloyed success. Charles Ruggles, with his hair curled in a manner to send thrills of delight through his adorers, played Perry, the slangy juvenile, delightfully, and Charles Giblyn painted a touching picture in his brief role of old Ingram. Howard Scott and Frank Camp were excellent in their respective roles, and a number of minor bits were successfully done. There is little opportunity for an actress in this play, but both Miss Magrane and Miss Lewis contributed careful portraits—the former eliciting the approval of the feminine portion of her audience—as well as the masculine—with her beautiful gowns. The new ingenue, Eileen Errol, was not entirely convincing, but, of course, her role yielded her little opportunity. The play was excellently staged, and the first night production was singularly free from error. It is safe to predict that Los Angeles will demand at least two weeks of "The Man of the Hour."

"The Virginian" at the Majestic

In "The Virginian," the offering at the Majestic this week, is presented not only a human interest play, but the company on the whole is one of the best that has been seen at this local playhouse in many a day. Where, ordinarily, an occasional star has appeared there recently with worse than no support, the present company is notable for the strong secondary and minor roles, especially in the male parts. William L. Gibson as the Virginian fulfills the role of the soft-voiced southern cowboy in masterly manner, and while he may not approach the standard set by the originator of the character, Dustin Farnum, a comparison does not find him deficient in his own interpretation of the part. Marshal Farnum, a brother of Dustin Farnum, appears as Trampas, the villain, and his portrayal, enhanced by an unusually good make-up, leaves little to be desired. W. E. Knobloe's Steve is one of the best bits of the play. Endowed with a good physique, tempered with light curling hair and a girlish smile, he is naturally equipped to represent the character of the young friend of the Virginian, who wants to do right, but is easily led, by the dominant will of Trampas, into evil ways. In the lynching scene he displays histrionic ability far above the average, and is ably abetted by Charles E. Gilbert, whose Spanish Ed is an artistic bit of cowering humanity. John C. Hickey's portrayal of Honey Wiggin, one of the cowboys, is also an excellent effort. The women's roles are not so adequately upheld. Mabel Wright, as Molly Wood, the Vermont school teacher, has the gentle, rather timid-voiced manner which contrasts strongly with the rougher ways of the west, but her acting is not convincing, especially in the first half of the play. Jane Carlton's Mrs. Ogden, the New York society woman, is a good representation of a type. Others in lesser roles were fairly good. It is to be hoped that in "The Virginian," the management of the Majestic has set a standard of attractions for that playhouse, and that inferior companies and travel-worn stage settings are of the past.

"All on Account of Eliza" at Burbank

"All on Account of Eliza" is not worth while, even as a farce. Its so-called humor is so broad that it is more than risqué—it becomes commonplace vulgarity. It is as well played by the Burbank company as if it were more worthy of such effort, with Harry Mestayer doing a good piece of work in the character—or caricature—of a German cattle dealer. The surprise of the performance is Lovell Alice Taylor, her comely figure and pretty face as nearly disguised as possible in the prim visage and ugly clothes of a village gos-

This is the most expensive theatrical advertisement ever printed in The Graphic.

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's enormously successful play, is the most expensive play that has ever been offered by any stock company anywhere in the world. It is the best American play that has been written during the past ten years. This week, at the Belasco Theater, is the first time "The Man of the Hour" has ever been played by a stock company. It is still being presented in the two-dollar-a-seat syndicate theaters of the east and will be again, next year.

At the Belasco Theater you can see "The Man of the Hour" at the regular Belasco prices. This means that the seat that costs you two dollars in New York costs you only seventy-five cents here. It's by all odds the biggest and most attractive bargain in theatricals that was ever known anywhere.

Even with the house crowded at every performance, the Belasco Theater cannot make a dollar with "The Man of the Hour." This is simply on account of the enormous royalty expense—the mere legal right to produce the play.

Still, it's worth offering to the people of Los Angeles a really great, big, vital play if for no other reason than the distinction and honor of being the only stock company in the world that has been deemed of sufficient worth to entrust with this famous play.

"The Man of the Hour" is perhaps the best-acted play the Belasco Theater company has ever made known.

Theodore Roosevelt, while President of the United States, said of "The Man of the Hour": "It's bully—it's the best play I ever saw."

And bear in mind that Mr. Roosevelt never saw "The Man of the Hour" so well played as it is at the Belasco Theater this week.

That's why the Belasco is crowded at every performance, and why there is a line of ticket buyers constantly in front of the box office.

You'd better join this line of seat buyers now. Then you're pretty sure to see what is the best American play ever written, and the best performance the Belasco Theater stock company has ever given.

The second week of "The Man of the Hour" will commence Monday night.

sip. Miss Taylor's little excursions into character work reveals unsuspected talent in that line. Henry Stockbridge plays the irrepressible youth with his usual laughter-provoking success, and David Landau, John Burton and Harry Duffield do admirable bits. Frances Nordstrom walks through the role of Eliza, drawing a pretty picture, but seemingly making little effort to portray Eliza as a human being. The setting for the first act, a country grocery store, is a triumph of stage art.

"Wizard of the Nile" at the Grand

At the Grand Opera House this week "The Wizard of the Nile" is the Ferris Hartman Company's offering. The play is excellently staged, and its presentation reflects marked credit upon the members of the company, individually and collectively. In this vehicle Mr. Hartman introduces yet another prima donna, in the person of Miss Catherine Edmond, a Los Angeles young woman, who has only recently returned from several years of study abroad. Miss Edmonds is a notable addition to the strength of the company. She has a well-trained voice of notice-

fice. Those old-time favorites, Frances Slosson and Franklyn Underwood, are back again with their familiar sketch, "Dobbs' Dilemma," which is nothing more than "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," boiled down to vaudeville proportions. Surely, the majority of vaudeville patrons must have seen the sketch, yet it is as heartily enjoyed as if it were entirely new. Mr. Underwood and his wife are ably assisted by Mr. Davies. Fox and Foxie's circus lays no great claim to merit, but arouses a few mild laughs and an appreciation of a number of difficult tricks on the part of several fox terriers. "Coon shouting" and spectacular dancing on the part of Belle Davis and half a dozen pickaninnies rouses the Orpheum audiences to greater enthusiasm than the really artistic flute playing of Mme. Panita. Although the applause of Madame Panita's melodious offerings is unstinted, it fades into the background in view of the thunderous approval that rocks the house after the pickaninnies introduce a difficult new step. The Basque Grand Opera Quartet displays new faces this season, and the new voices are not so good as others that have



Photo by Mushet

LOVELL ALICE TAYLOR, CAPABLE ACTRESS AT THE BURBANK

able clarity, which, with a distinct enunciation, is decidedly pleasing. While Miss Edmonds manifests a slight restraint in her stage presence, this doubtless is due to the nervousness of a first week's appearance. Ferris Hartman as Kibosh, the Persian magician, provides the humor of the play and does so in his inimitable fashion, with side interpolations which are better laugh-producers than the regular lines. Muggins Davies as Kibosh's apprentice, Walter Catlett as Ptolemy, king of Egypt, Josie Hart as the king's second wife, Joseph Fogarty, George Foultney, Walter De Leon and Myrtle Dingwall all contribute to the fun-making and success of the production.

Entertaining Bill at Orpheum

Captivating Alice Lloyd, decked in a wondrous array of new costumes and with several new songs, remains the bright, particular star of the Orpheum bill. Alice certainly has a way with her that spells success, and even the individuals in the audience who are forced to assist her performance seem not to resent being offered for sacri-

graced this organization. Holdovers, other than the little English comedienne, are the Brothers Permane and the near-humorists, the McNaughtons.

Offerings for Next Week

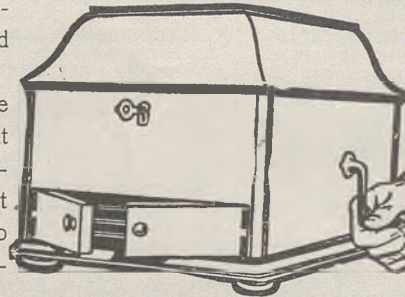
First in the Burbank's series of plays new to stock, which will occupy the stage of Manager Oliver Morosco's street house for several months to come, is Olive Porter's successful drama of romance and Wall street, "The Ringmaster," which opens Sunday afternoon, continuing through the week with a matinee Saturday. It is the story of a fight for money-power, waged between Richard Hillary, "The Ringmaster," and John Le Baron, Jr., who is in love with Hillary's daughter. Eyrone Beasley will be seen as Le Baron, while Miss Frances Nordstrom will play Eleanor Hillary, and David Hartford her father. Others prominent in the cast include Henry Stockbridge, David Landau, Willis Marks, Harry Mestayer, John W. Burton, H. S. Duffield, Gavin Young, Lovell Alice Taylor, Louise Royce, Ethel von Waldron and

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The new Baby Victrola (at Fitzgerald's for \$125) will produce the same feeling of "ecstasy" that any new baby in a childless home can produce.

It will coo and sing and, in fact, is the greatest "song" and "story teller" the world ever knew---always ready to entertain you and yours.

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Morosco's Burbank Theater

MATINEE TODAY. LAST TIME TONIGHT--"ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA."
Matinee Tomorrow. All Next Week.

OLIVER MOROSCO,
Lessee and Manager.

Matinee Saturday.

First Stock Presentation of

THE RINGMASTER

A Powerful Drama of Wall Street and Love
Prices: 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c. Gallery, 10c.
NEXT: THE GREAT PLAY TRIUMPH--"CAMEO KIRBY."

Hamburger's Majestic Theater

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager
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MATINEE TODAY
All Next Week.

BROADWAY, NEAR NINTH
LAST TIME TONIGHT--"THE VIRGINIANS."

Matinee Wednesday.

Matinee Saturday

BIGGER, BRIGHTER THAN EVER,

BABES IN TOYLAND

BY VICTOR HERBERT AND GLEN MACDONOUGH

Prices: 25c to \$1. A few front rows, \$1.50. POPULAR MATINEES.
Pretty Girls. Prettier Girls. Prettiest Girls.

Simpson Auditorium

L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 8,
at 8:15 o'clock.

The only Recital of the World
Renowned Pianiste,

**MME. THERESA
CARRENO**

Seat sale now on at the Bartlett
Music Company. Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50,
\$1.00, 75c and 50c. Student rates.

The Auditorium

L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

Special announcement request and
return recital, Friday Night, Febru-
ary 11, at 8:15 o'clock. The great-
est of the world's contraltos,

Mme. Schumann-Heink

Oratorio numbers with the great
organ. Seat sale now on at Bart-
lett's. Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2,
\$2.50 and \$3.

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Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

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Both Phones 1447

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 7

Arturo Bernardi, The World's
Greatest Protean Artist

Willy Pantzer Co.,
Acropantomimists

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Voelker,
"Twilight in the Studio"

Una Clayton & Co.,
"His Local Color"

Matinee
Today

Orpheum Motion Pictures

Every Afternoon, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Underwood & Slosson, "Things
Are Seldom as They Seem"

Basque Quartette,
Grand Opera Selections

Belle Davis,
and her Crackerjacks

Fox & Foxie Circus,
Dogs, Cats and Ponies

Every Night, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Maud Mannaford, who will make her debut as a regular member of the Burbank company in this play.

"The Man of the Hour," in the hands of the Belasco stock company, is one of the genuine hits of the year. Even Mr. Broadhurst, the author of the play, offers the opinion that his work has never before received such a thoroughly good presentation, and the production in its entirety certainly reflects much credit upon the Belasco organization. The members of the Belasco company are happily cast and the ensemble work is of a decidedly artistic character. "The Man of the Hour" is evidently in for one of the extended Belasco runs of the sort that characterized the production of "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Dollar Mark" and other plays that succeeded in crowding the Main street playhouse for weeks.

Next week's attraction at the Majestic will be the musical extravaganza, "Babes in Toyland," with music by Victor Herbert and book by Glen MacDonough. "Babes in Toyland" is a "big" entertainment, offering opportunities for rich costuming, of which the management is said to have taken advantage. It is announced that the principal New York production will be given here complete in every detail. The chorus is large and the principals are said to be well qualified for their roles.

Ferris Hartman and his big company of singers and dancers will this week, beginning with the matinee Sunday, offer the patrons of the Grand Opera House a splendid revival of "Florodora," considered the most successful musical play ever written. Mr. Hartman has paid careful attention to every detail, and the production will be on an elaborate scale. Hartman himself will have unlimited funmaking opportunities in the role of Anthony Tweedlepunch, showman, hypnotist and palmist, while Josie Hart will play the widow, Lady Hollyrood. Catherine Edmond, who made a decided success on her first appearance last week, will have the part of Dolores. The famous Florodora sextet, which is perhaps the biggest feature of this show, will be given in a manner which, to quote the press agent, will make the theater-going public sit up and take notice. The pick of the big Hartman chorus has been selected for this feature. The many brilliant chorus numbers and melodies will be retained.

Two headliners mark the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, February 7. Arthur Bernardi and the Willy Pantzer troupe are the two big attractions. Bernardi is considered the greatest foreign protean artist. He not only gives an entire drama by himself, but he plays a second comedy, the latter with transparent scenery, so that his every change may be plainly seen, showing that he has only the help of his dressers in his dramatic characterizations. He also leads the house orchestra, made up in succession as the greatest of conductors, such as Verdi, Meyerbeer, Sousa, Wagner and others. Willy Pantzer is known as an acropantomimic and his present troupe of seven has developed into an act without a peer. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Voellker have "Twilight in the Studio" as an excuse for fine musical offerings. Mr. Voellker is well known as a violinist, and will use a number of rare old instruments. Una Clayton, the actress-author, comes in her playlet, "His Local Color," assisted by Francis Morey and a small company. Franklyn Underwood and Frances Slosson will offer "Things are Seldom What They Seem." Belle Davis and her Crackerjacks, Fox & Foxie, and the Basque Quartet complete the bill.

Asides

Catherine Edmonds, the new prima donna at the Grand Opera House, is a sister-in-law of Julian Johnson, the able local dramatic critic. Mr. Johnson is an energetic writer. In addition to his regular work, he has two new plays under way and a short story in a current magazine testifies to his versatility in that direction.

Frederick Warde, the eminent tragedian, who has deserted the stage for the lecture platform, is to be the attraction at the Venice Auditorium tonight. His subject, "Shakespeare and His Plays" is one on which he is well

qualified to speak, as for many years Mr. Warde's was one of America's foremost exponents of Shakespearean drama.

"Lon" Beasley reminds one of that ancient story of the Irish cabman, who passed his two weeks' vacation riding up and down the streets in a hack. During his week's relief from duties at the Burbank, "Lon" has seen every show in town.

Manager Morosco will institute a new policy for the Burbank Theater Sunday, February 13, when Dustin Farnum's success, "Cameo Kirby," will receive its first stock production in the United States. A slight increase in the price of seats will be made, the first ten rows of the orchestra selling for seventy-five cents, and the first three rows of the balcony selling for fifty cents. At matinees the first ten rows of the orchestra will be fifty cents, the remainder of the house being sold at regular rates. This increase is to be permanent, as Manager Morosco feels that he is obliged to receive more revenue in order to pursue the policy he has outlined and which begins with "Cameo Kirby." Following this charming play, the Burbank will offer such dramas as "Sweet Kitty Bellaire," "Brewster's Millions," "The Thief," "Samson," "The Grand Army Man," and a number of others new to stock.

Marked Success of the Kirmess

Never before in the history of amateur productions in this city or elsewhere, coming under the personal observation of the writer, has there been given a more delightful, finished performance than that of the Kirmess entertainment at the Auditorium this week, under the supervision of Miss Stewart of New York, for the benefit of the Assistance League and the Los Angeles Orphans' Home. Not only is the work of those taking part devoid of the awkwardness usually inevitable with all amateur affairs of the kind, but the costumes are rich and in thorough harmony with the characters essayed, no hitches of any kind occur in the long program, the dancing is extraordinarily well done, the music, under the direction of Arend, fetching, the stage settings artistic and the lighting effects all that could be desired. The social features, too, which supplement the spectacular treat add materially to the success of the undertaking, and the completeness of everything speaks marvels for the executive ability displayed by Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, chairman of the Kirmess, and her able corps of assistants.

To dwell upon individual or group dancing, where so meritorious a result in the mass is attained, were to be unfair. The steps as a rule are rather complicated, yet the precision, the excellent time, the grace and abandon with which the various figures are performed are marvellously well done for non-professionals. From the grand tableau and procession led by Colonel Garland, to the final Marsovian dance, it was a feast of color, of costume, of lighting effects, of graceful dancing the opening night. Leading off with the dainty Tarantella dance, the Scotch reels and Highland fling were rendered with spirit, interspersed with a song by Mr. Sheldon Balingier, "I Love a Lassie," that was capitally given. The fetching Irish dance succeeded, in which Mr. Henry Daly made a hit with his solos, "Rings on My Fingers" and "Molly Shannon," assisted by Eddie Perkins. Miss Lottita Manuela Corrella's Moorish dances were a revelation in artistic and graceful interpretation. With the delightful Fluffy Ruffles dance were given several special solo dances, aiding greatly in the effect produced. Nothing prettier than the Four Seasons dance could be conceived. It made a great hit, together with the song, "I'll Be Your Honey," by Miss Dinkelspiel, assisted by the Misses Carson, Morton and Hartman.

The Polo dance was a decided novelty, given with a zest and dash that captured the house. This was true of the Spanish dance that succeeded, in which were several songs by Messrs. A. C. Balingier, G. C. Bradley and Dr. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven. A Mexican dance by Miss Corrella and a Spanish solo dance by Miss Ridgeway were especially well done. The Bank Clerks' Quintet sang "Have You Got Another Girl Like Mary?" with Mr. W. E. Shipley as "Mary." In the Indian dance, beautiful stage settings formed a captivating



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ON WEST ADAMS STREET, NEAR HOOVER STREET.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

By Miss Mary Brookins, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Sunday Afternoon at 3 o'clock. Doors Open at 2:30 p. m.

Monday Evening at 8 o'clock. Doors Open at 7:30 p. m.

Grand Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 6, 1910.

Ferris Hartman

and his big singing and dancing company will offer a splendid production of the most successful musical play ever written, **Florodora**

background for this most poetic of all the dances, given with impressive seriousness. The singing of Miss Wadsworth and Mr. Harry Lott were marked features of this beautiful dance. The solo work of Miss M. Louise Freese and Mr. de Voss was an artistic treat the former being constantly in the picture and proving herself a most captivating squaw. Hilario Pino, of the Indian Crafts Village, a sure-enough Indian, heightened the effect by his impressive scalp dance. Closing the procession was the Marsovian dance,

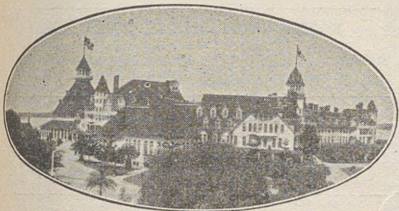
beautifully interpreted, in which Messrs. Bobrick, Packard and Garner were seen in a Russian dance, and Miss Graves and Mr. Bucklin gave the Roumanian national dance in a spirited manner. Miss Zobelein's song, "Villia," was given in her best style. As an auctioneer of votes, Joseph Scott proved his worth with a total sale of \$1,450 in votes the opening night. In every way the audiences have had their money's worth. The matinee today and the performance tonight will bring to an end this highly successful affair.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

pion in 1908. Second best score returned was by Percival Thompson of Chicago and Coronado (80). Tuesday morning the first round of match play took place, the eight winners being Mr. A. B. Daniels, Mr. E. R. Williams, Mr. George Sturges, Mr. F. S. Sherman, Mr. H. B. Lamb, Mr. Terry Barker and Mr. Percival Thompson. The second round took place Wednesday morning, the semi-final Thursday morning and the final round over thirty-six holes Friday. February 9, the fifth annual tournament for the lawn tennis championship of the Coronado Country Club will begin, among the contestants being Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley, Miss May Sutton, Miss Florence Sutton, Mrs. R. P. Farquahar, Mr. Maurice McLaughlin, Mr. Tom C. Bundy and Mr. Simpson M. Sinsabaugh. The tournament, which will consist of five events in singles and two in doubles, promises to prove exceedingly interesting.

Blue and White for Winter '10
"Blue and White" for Winter '10 is an achievement decidedly to the credit of the graduating class and assistant contributors. Fruitful results mark the short story contest among the different grades, four excellent tales being given prominent place. Many photographs, a number of excellent drawings, meritorious poems, class prophecies and class histories and pages of harmless, good-natured jokes add to the general attractiveness of the issue.



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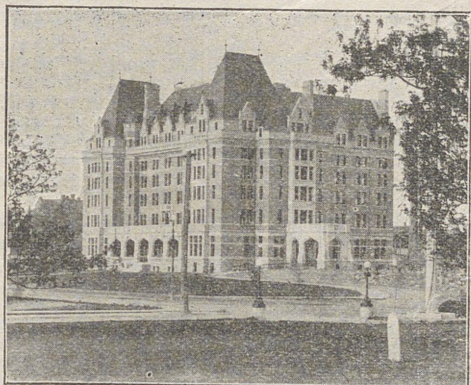
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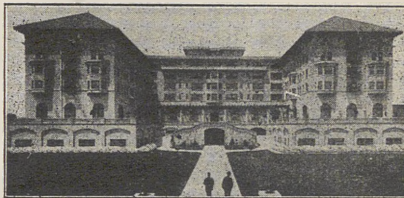


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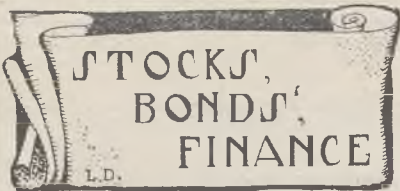
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California Midway, a speculative oil prospect, has occupied the center of the trading stage on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, more than a hundred thousand shares of the stock having been passed back and forth among brokers since Monday. Last Saturday the stock sold at 12½ cents. Monday morning it was in demand at 26, a rise of more than one hundred per cent within forty-eight hours. The company is said to have uncovered a three thousand barrel well late Saturday afternoon, hence the boom in the shares. Monday afternoon the stock had slumped to 17½, and by the time the exchange closed that day it was selling again at 23.

Whether or not California Midway is to become a bonanza the extraordinary gyrations of its shares have demonstrated, among other things, that the Midway is by far the most sensational oil district in California. In addition, the week has developed that it requires only nerve and, of course, just a little real money, to manipulate a market so as to interest the public.

There has been a fair amount of serious trading since the last report, mostly in the highest class of good bonds, several of which issues were ex-dividend February 14. Money conditions are such that this class of securities and the best of the bank stocks before long, at least for a time, are bound to come into their own.

In the higher grades of oils, Union is stronger than the shares have shown for weeks. Not that the stock has made much headway in price, although a full point gain has been registered this week. The shares show well in the fact that there is a real and not a manipulated demand for the Stewart issues, in large blocks, the first time since the new year.

Associated continues to play a waiting game, with such stock as is offered always absorbed, at a price. San Francisco continues to take on all it can grab, and with tired holders here ready and anxious to sacrifice, certain interests, which expect to reap a harvest later, unloading their holdings at around 60, are making hay. The company will hold its annual meeting the latter part of the month, and it is a toss-up at this time whether or not the long-deferred dividend announcement will then be forthcoming.

In the industrial list there is nothing doing of consequence, and a similar observation would apply to the bank stocks. Prices, however, continue firm. Mining issues have been neglected so long that a sale in the best-known of the Goldfields would create considerable of a sensation.

If surface indications count for anything reliable, the expected oil share boom has about arrived.

Money continues hard, with no changes worth while due in this particular in the near future.

Banks and Banking

In response to the call by the comptroller of currency upon the nine local national banks for statements of conditions at the close of business January 31, it was shown that the aggregate deposits and loans of the institutions gave a gain of nearly seven millions of dollars in the twelve months. The change in the figures of the nine banks differed only immaterially since the date of the preceding call on November 16. Total deposits, according to the last report, are \$49,808,684, as compared with \$50,740,592 in November. Slight losses also are shown in the loan and available cash columns. However, the best idea may be gained of the prosperity of the city's banking houses by a comparison of the totals compiled this week with those of February 6 of last year, which is practically a corresponding date. The total loans and discounts for January 31, 1910, were \$35,152,332.95, as against \$26,903,470.26 of last February. The total deposits of this January were \$47,808,684.75, while those of February, 1909, were \$40,188,171.88. The available cash at the time of the recent call was \$19,314,742.24, as compared with \$17.-

246,915.88 of February of last year, these figures not including the statements of the old American National Bank, now merged with the Citizens National. Allowing for this addition to the reports of last year would bring the gain in both deposits and loans and discounts to between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000, while the available cash would show an increase of more than \$1,000,000.

Reassurance is given merchants and others who feared that the statutes made the drawing of a check for less than one dollar a crime. In an opinion received by United States Marshal Youngworth, the first of the week, the department of justice outlines its interpretation of the new federal law, by the statement that the statute at issue is not a new one, and has no reference to the ordinary bank checks, and does not, therefore, make it unlawful to draw a check for a sum less than \$1. The provision's bearing is only for the prevention of a firm's attempt to put into circulation a fractional currency of its own in the form of a metallic check on "shinplaster."

Spacious and handsome quarters are being prepared by the Merchants Bank and Trust Company for the safe deposit department which will be opened as an adjunct of the bank about March 1. An apartment in the rear of the company's general banking offices in the Merchants Trust building, formerly used as a directors' room, is being converted into the safe deposit department which will include about 2,000 boxes. A main entrance of marble will be installed, with a partition of marble and plate glass between the safety deposit section and the principal hall on the first floor of the building.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Broadway Bank and Trust Company, held Tuesday afternoon, Warren Gillelen was re-elected president. George I. Cochran was re-elected vice-president, and R. W. Kenny continued as vice-president. A. W. Redman was elected cashier, and his assistant will be J. W. Spaulding. With the addition of C. L. Bundy, the board of directors was re-elected, the personnel being R. C. Gillis, Warren Gillelen, R. W. Kenny, E. P. Clark, Robert F. Jones, A. W. Redman, C. L. Bundy, Ben Williams, George W. Walker, George I. Cochran, Arthur Letts and Dr. W. W. Beckett.

Writing from St. Petersburg, the United States consul there advises that the State Bank of Russia is revising its statutes and that the following changes are to be introduced: (1) The stock capital is to be increased to 100,000,000 rubles (\$51,500,000) by yearly appropriations to the same of a certain part of the revenues; (2) loans on mortgages on real estate to be suspended; (3) decrease in the number of members of the bank commissioned by the ministry of finance and attracting the officials of trade and industry and representatives of rural economy to the management of the bank.

In the reports submitted to the directors of the Park Bank of Los Angeles, an increase of twenty-five per cent in deposits is shown. The following officials of this institution have been re-elected: Perry W. Weldner, president; James C. Kays, W. C. Durgin and A. W. Ryan, vice-presidents; Wilson G. Tanner, cashier, and H. L. Holland, J. W. Kays and H. E. Allen, assistant cashiers.

Directors of the First National Bank of Long Beach at their monthly meeting, Tuesday, elected officers as follows: George Chaffey, president; A. M. Chaffey, vice-president; H. E. Swan, cashier, and W. F. Blaikie, assistant cashier.

I. W. Hellman of San Francisco, one of the wealthiest and foremost bankers of the state, is in Los Angeles for a stay of a week or more. He holds large financial and banking interests here, as well as in the northern city.

Stock and Bond Briefs

With approximately \$1,000,000,000 to be expended by the present administration of Greater New York, the comptroller is easily the pivotal point around which will rotate all interests identified with the city's financial activities for some time to come. Comptroller Prendergast, when asked when new bonds were likely to be issued, proved

non-committal. As a preliminary to further action, an entire rearrangement is now in progress in the finance department. It is desired to save there at least \$250,000 a year without decreasing the efficiency of the service. In fact, plans now making tend to prove that when reorganization is complete the finance department will be strengthened considerably.

With the elimination of the water bond election, Pasadenaans soon will be asked to give consideration to the matter of a high school bond election. An election, if called, will be for the issuance of bonds in a sum large enough to include other school improvements. It is probable that the bond issue will be for \$500,000, which will cover the cost of site, building and equipment. Three probable sites are under consideration, the Harkness ranch; the Villa street site, bounded by Santa Barbara, El Molino and Lake streets; the third, a lot on East Colorado, between Catalina and Wilson avenues.

Whatever may be the general opinion held as to the outcome of the widespread attacks and legal proceedings involving the packing companies, investors in their securities in the New York market have not yet evinced any special anxiety over the holdings. Armour & Co. 4½s are off about 1½ points from ten days ago, but there are few sales. The practical absence of liquidation makes it evident that the slight recession in price is due to the general weakness of the market rather than to any immediate fear of serious effort of existing agitation. Present quotation for the bonds is 92½.

H. E. Huntington and associates in the \$40,000,000 Pacific Light & Power Co. and the Pacific Electric Ry., have placed upon the market \$300,000 of bonds of the Ontario and San Antonio Heights Ry. Co. This line, when completed, will form a link in the large system of interurban railways which it is proposed to extend from Los Angeles throughout Southern California.

Disbursements this month will be \$30,000,000 larger than a year ago. The dividend and interest payments in February are put down at \$100,000,000, in comparison with about \$70,000,000 in February, 1909, \$65,000,000 in the same month of 1908 and \$60,000,000 in the second month of 1907. Dividends declaring alone will total \$58,588,000, as against \$27,771,000 in the similar period of 1908.

Sealed bids will be received by the city clerk of Newport up to 7 p.m. February 21 for bonds in the sum of \$40,000 for the purchase of municipal water works, and bonds in the sum of \$25,000 for the acquiring of a municipal light works. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and certified check must be for 2 per cent of amount bid.

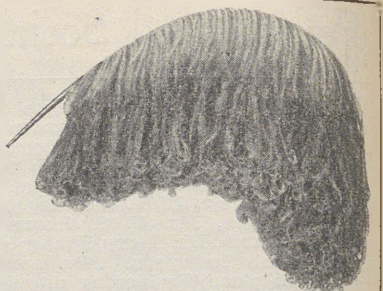
Directors of the International Harvester Company formally declared the stock dividend of 33 1-3 per cent on the common capital stock at a meeting in the Chicago offices last week. The dividend is payable February 21 to stockholders of record February 3. It will raise the company's common capital stock from \$60,000,000 to \$80,000,000.

Attorney General Wickersham has decided that the dividends received by a corporation as a stockholder of any other corporation of the character to which the act imposing a tax of 1 per cent on net incomes applies, should be deducted from its gross income regardless of the amount of the net income of such dividend-paying corporation.

Monrovia citizens are petitioning that an election be called for the issuance of \$100,000 bonds for the installing of a sewage system. The election will probably be held in April or May.

Bonds in the sum of \$4,896,000, being a part of the issue of \$23,000,000 voted by Los Angeles in 1907, will be issued soon, a resolution to that effect having been adopted by the Los Angeles council at its recent meeting.

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UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE AT LOS ANGELES, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

To Whom it May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 8011. Serial No. 07588, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to-wit: S. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼, and N. W. ¼ of S. E. ¼, and N. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼, Sec. 19, Tp. 1 S., R. 17 W., S. B. Meridian.
A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.
During the five weeks' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.
Dated, Los Angeles, California, January 5, 1910.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT,
Registrar.
O. R. W. ROBINSON,
Receiver.

Date of first publication, January 22, 1910.